

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 961



THE GRAPHIC.

AN

ILLUSTRATED

WEEKLY

NEWSPAPER.



STRAND

190

LONDON

PRICE NINEPENCE

THE GEOGRAPHIC

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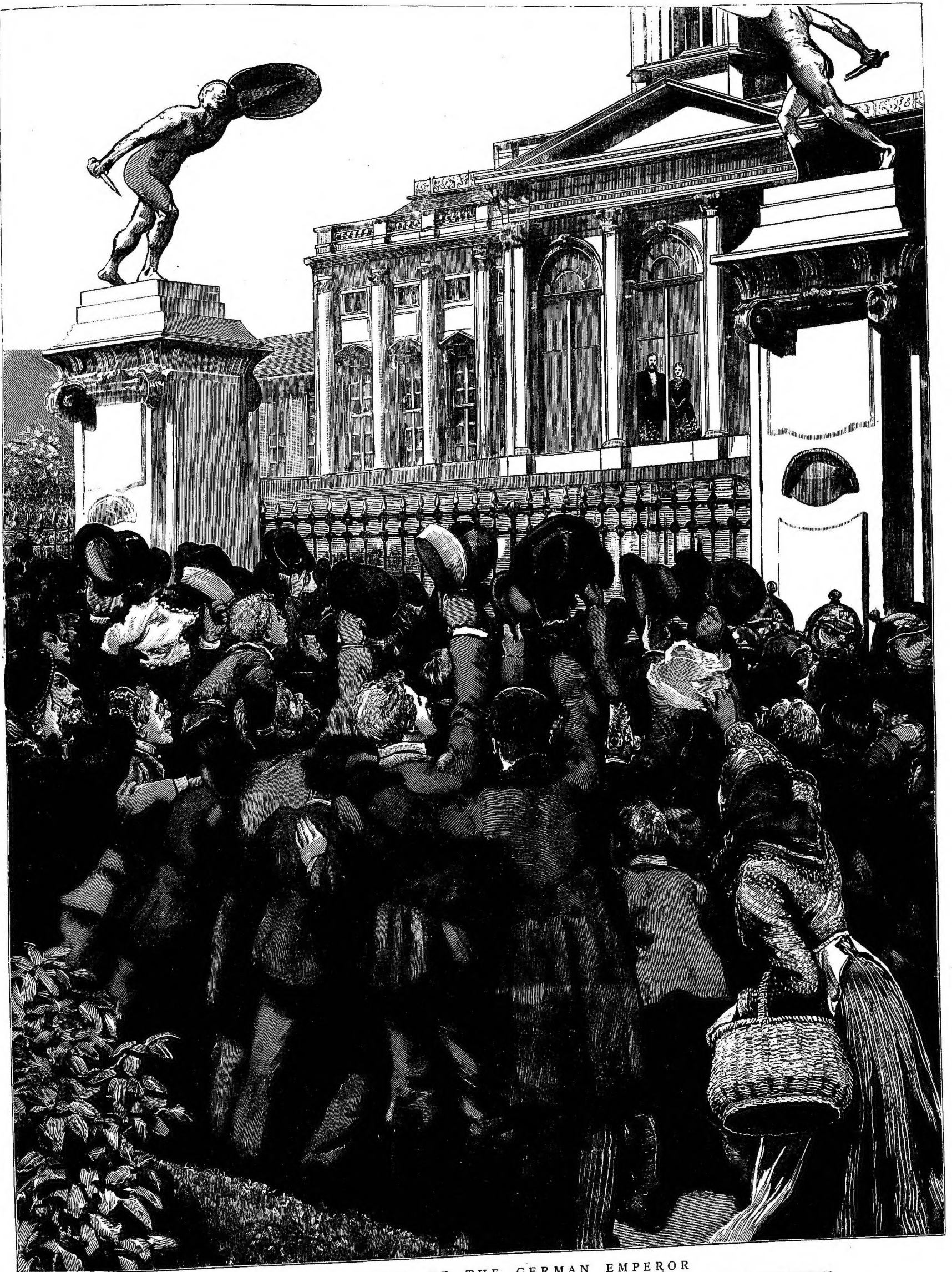
No. 961.—VOL. XXXVII.
Registered as a Newspaper

ÉDITION
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1888

WITH EXTRA
SUPPLEMENT

PRICE NINEPENCE
By Post Ninepence Halfpenny



THE ILLNESS OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR
ENTHUSIASM OF THE CROWD AT THE APPEARANCE OF THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS AT THE WINDOW OF THE PALACE, CHARLOTTENBURG

Topics of the Week

THE QUEEN AT CHARLOTTENBURG.—Some over-anxious English politicians were rather alarmed when they heard that the Queen proposed to spend a day or two with her daughter at Charlottenburg. A number of German journalists had been writing rather wildly about England, and it was feared that the presence of Her Majesty might tend to strengthen the feeling of hostility that had sprung up. Happily her visit has had a contrary effect. It has made even the Junker party feel a little ashamed of their foolish talk about the supposed opposition of "the three Victorias" to Prince Bismarck. The Queen, like other people, had no doubt her own private opinion about the proposed marriage; but no one who knew anything of her character for a moment supposed that she was capable of making mischief by interfering in the domestic affairs of a foreign Court. This is now well understood by our German kinsfolk, and we may hope that there will be no more misunderstandings like those that have caused so much excitement in Berlin during the last few weeks. There never was, of course, the slightest danger of the relations of the two countries being seriously disturbed, but there might have been a temporary estrangement, and even that would have been a misfortune both for Germany and for England. So far as the position of the Empress is concerned, the Queen's visit is not likely to have produced any change. By the mass of the people she has always been, and still is, much liked. But she has too much sympathy with modern ideas to be appreciated by the military party. They are resolutely opposed even to moderate Liberalism, and, if they could, would do away with the Parliamentary system altogether. It is impossible, therefore, that they should have a friendly feeling to an Empress who, as every one knows, is favourable to the development of free institutions.

APPEALS AGAINST SENTENCES IN IRELAND.—This question gave rise to a heated debate in the House of Commons on Tuesday night. It is only fair to say that the lesser lights who began the discussion argued the matter temperately and judiciously. But when the bigger artillery—such men as Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Balfour, and Sir William Harcourt—came into play, violent language took the place of argument, and the most reckless insinuations were thrown out against the Irish Executive, the ex-Premier showing himself the greatest sinner in this respect. It is sad to observe how that once-venerated statesman is gradually sinking to the *United Ireland* level of oratory. Unfortunately, it is much easier to be vituperative in the columns of a newspaper—where the writer has it all his own way—than in the House of Commons. When Mr. Gladstone vehemently accused the present Government of meanly passing a series of sentences of a month each, in order to deprive the prisoner of the right of appeal, he was ignominiously shut up by the production of the fact that, when he was himself in power, his lieutenant, Sir George Trevelyan, had done precisely the same thing. But this matter of cumulative sentences was merely a side-issue, not especially relevant to the main matter in dispute, where, we venture to think, the Opposition had a good case, which they spoilt by their intemperate and unreasonable violence. On this side of St. George's Channel the right of criminal appeal has always been interpreted to mean that the convicted person may hope to get his sentence remitted or reduced, or, at the worst, that the original sentence may be confirmed. The increase of an original sentence is practically unknown on this side of the water. No doubt the Government were acting within their legal rights, but, nevertheless, it was most injudicious to introduce such an innovation into Ireland. The truth is, that all this appeal-apparatus in the Crimes Act is of a clumsy character. An appeal should have been allowed against every sentence, long or short, or else against none at all. We prefer the latter alternative, because a Crimes Act implies despotism, however much statesmen may pretend to blink the fact; and despotism, to be effective, should be unfettered and decisive.

CARPETBAGGERS.—The Scotch electors are showing a good example to their English brethren in one department of electioneering. It is North of the Tweed that the first symptoms are seen of a wholesome revolt against official candidates. Dundee led the way by showing strong disinclination to accept Mr. Firth, in spite of his "high character from his last place," and, although he got in, the previous Gladstonian majority was very largely reduced. Mid-Lanark, more rebellious still, has refused to bow to dictation from London, the electors declaring that they are quite capable of finding a candidate for themselves. Even in Wales, the same healthy spirit lately manifested itself at West Glamorgan, which refused to accept even such an eligible carpet-bagger as Sir Horace Davey. Let this only go on, and the days of Caucus management will be numbered. We speak of both parties equally; they call their apparatus by different names, but the principle of the extreme centralisation of electoral authority and control is common to both. Not many years ago, two strangers stamped with the hall-mark of the Carlton Club were

obtruded on a certain important constituency. Not one of the electors had ever heard of either before their addresses were published, and, after their defeat, no one ever heard of them again. Why is it, then, that the central authorities so often commit blunders of this sort when good local men are available as candidates? It is an inseparable accompaniment of the Caucus system; gentlemen who have volunteered to lead forlorn hopes, or who have subscribed liberally to the head-quarters electioneering fund, or who are connected with the leaders, are considered to have "claims," and whenever a fairly favourable chance of a seat offers, one of them receives official nomination without reference to the constituency. And thus we occasionally see such grotesque *bêtises* as the choice of a distinguished admiral to contest a rural division where the issue would turn, as every one knew, on the agricultural question, of which he knew absolutely nothing. It is an evil and un-English system, destructive of local feeling, and inimical to the close personal relations which ought to subsist between members of Parliament and those whom they represent.

MR. GLADSTONE AND THE LIBERAL UNIONISTS.—In attacking the Budget, Mr. Gladstone never, of course expected that he would defeat the Government. He understood perfectly well that the Liberal Unionists would not vote with him. His object was simply to discredit Lord Hartington's supporters by forcing them to take up a position opposed to all the traditions of Liberalism. All who have sympathy with Liberal ideas must admit that the general principle laid down by Mr. Gladstone is perfectly sound. It cannot, from their point of view, be right that the owners of personal property should pay more to the death duties than is paid by the owners of landed property; and there can be little doubt that most of the Liberal Unionists, if they had been free to give expression to their convictions, would have voted against the Government on Monday. It may be doubted, however, whether their influence will be in any way lessened by the course which, in the actual circumstances, they felt themselves obliged to adopt. The question really before the House of Commons was not whether the death duties were to be equalised, but whether Lord Salisbury was to be turned out of office. Now, the Liberal Unionists have always frankly explained that, so long as Mr. Gladstone maintains his Home Rule scheme, they are determined to keep Lord Salisbury in power. They have abandoned none of their old opinions about such questions as those relating to the death duties, but these questions seem to them unimportant in comparison with the cause for the sake of which they have entered into an alliance with the Conservatives. This is a perfectly logical position, and there is much evidence to show that it is clearly understood by the country as a whole. There is no reason to suppose, therefore, that Mr. Gladstone can injure the Liberal Unionists by simply compelling them to do what every one knows they cannot help doing. He can seriously damage them only by inducing their supporters in the country to become upholders of his own plan for the pacification of Ireland.

PARTY GOVERNMENT AND NATIONAL DEFENCE.—Lord Wolseley's trenchant remarks at the dinner given to Sir John Pender, and the Duke of Cambridge's evidence before the Army Estimates' Committee, both deserve attentive perusal. The Duke plaintively asks for 11,000 more men for the Army, but does not express any very sanguine hope of getting them; while Lord Wolseley declares that neither the Army nor the Navy are as strong as they should be, and lays the blame on our system of Party Government. Each set of Ministers, when they come into power, must court popularity at all hazards, and, therefore, they try "to obtain some clap-trap reputation by cutting down the expenses of the Army and Navy." Now there is a half-truth in this criticism, but only a half-truth. Under our system of extended suffrage all Ministers are eager—a great deal too eager—for the breath of popular applause. Hence they frequently sacrifice duty to expediency. But whatever party may be in power, the British nation remains the same, and there is no evidence that the nation desires a cheese-paring economy to be pursued towards the Army and Navy. What the nation does desire, however, is good value for its money, and this is just what, in these matters, it does not get. To return to Lord Wolseley's complaint. What is it that he really wants? As Government by party is not likely to die out for some time to come, would he withdraw naval and military expenditure altogether from the cognizance of Parliament? Because, unless he does so, the partisan element must still make itself felt. Nor is the example of the more despotically-governed States of the Continent particularly encouraging in this respect. To English ideas their armies seem enormous and terrible burdens on the industrial powers of the people they profess to protect. Yet the rulers of those countries are always crying out for more men. And so it might chance to be here, if the professional alarmists could have their own way, unfettered by the authorised guardians of the public purse.

ANTAGONISM OF FORCES.—And what is it, Sir William Grove, but friction "writ large," this antagonism of forces which you have projected on the scientific world as a new discovery? We beg pardon of the distinguished philosopher; the trumpet has been sounded by his commentators,

not by himself. He is a modest man withal, and would never claim credit for originality on account of clothing a very ancient idea in more becoming garments. The principles of good and evil ever warring against one another, the sea seeking to invade the land, the land trying to filch from the sea, life and death, time and eternity—when is it that all ages have not recognised the rule of everlasting conflict? It is, we should imagine, the very oldest idea of all; from the moment when man first began to think, he must have been struck by the fact that all created things are in a state of chronic friction. What is rest, but a period for recruiting the fighting energies, and what is the unrest which so especially characterises the present age, but the chafing of the spirit against obstacles to its desires? Life succumbs to death, death to life, in ceaseless succession; friction wears away the body only to form another body out of the *debris*. On coming down to lower things, do we not see the same swaying wave of force playing to and fro in politics, in commerce, even in art? Even as friction generates electricity and electricity yields light, so does the incessant wear and tear of creation evolve new forms to take the place of the old. Yet, trite as all this is, Sir William Grove's pleasant discourse on the subject is as fervently eulogised as if he had made a discovery equal to Darwin's. Nor is it a sufficient excuse for this absurd enthusiasm that the times are as dull as if it were the silly season. If a new sensation be wanted to give occasion for gushing articles, we would suggest the condition of the Equator as a promising subject for pseudo-scientific discussion.

IRELAND AND THE POPE.—For some time there has been a rumour to the effect that the Pope proposes to issue a severe condemnation of the Plan of Campaign in Ireland and the system of boycotting. We may doubt whether His Holiness has ever had any such intention. He knows very well that by doing anything of this kind he would cause profound dissatisfaction among the Roman Catholic population of Ireland, and he has probably a shrewd suspicion that his intervention would not be successful. What, then, could he hope to gain by taking so unpopular a step? There is nothing the English Government could do for him that would compensate him for the risk of alienating Roman Catholic Ireland. If a "Kulturkampf" were going on in England, it might be worth his while to make some sacrifices in the hope of bringing the struggle to an end; but in this country Roman Catholics are as free as any other class of Her Majesty's subjects. After all, would the interference of the Pope be a good thing even for the English Government? It would at once be said in Ireland that the forces of revolution were too strong for us, and that we found it possible to cope with them only by appealing to spiritual authority. That would not be advantageous either for Ireland or for England. The Whigs, in the days of their supremacy, always hankered after a secret understanding with the Head of the Roman Catholic Church as to the best means of holding Irish agitators in check. The plan was bad then, and would be still worse now. If the Irish people cannot be pacified without the Pope's help, we may be sure that they will never be pacified at all. It is best, both for him and for us, that he should confine himself strictly to the exercise of his spiritual functions.

ALCOHOL AMONG THE "DARK-SKINS."—We use the word "dark skin" in preference to "native," which is unmeaning. Everybody is a native of somewhere, and, therefore, it is absurd to label a woolly-head Papuan with a word which is equally descriptive of a Bond Street exquisite. There was an interesting debate on this liquor question in the House on Tuesday, but it is unlikely, we fear, to have much practical result. Our Government may frame the most admirable regulations against the sale of alcoholic fluids to savages and semi-savages, but it is a very difficult matter to enforce these rules. Not only are the whole fraternity of local white-traders (with perhaps a few bright exceptions) against them; but foreign Governments display very scant sympathy for our philanthropic endeavours. Even our own kinsfolk, the Americans, are lukewarm in this respect; while, as for the Germans, one of the chief aims of the colonial crusade into which they have entered of late years is that they may extend the sale of their accursed potato-spirit into every nook and corner of the globe. But now comes the inquiry, How far is alcohol an especial curse to dark-skinned races? We will not answer the question dogmatically, but merely observe that in some cases it is more hurtful than others. Where the use of intoxicating drinks prevailed before the advent of Europeans, the people are less injuriously affected by our liquors than in countries where the people were practically teetotallers. The South Sea Islanders and the New Zealanders are races which unhappily seem doomed to speedy extinction. But it would be unjust to lay their fate altogether at the door of alcohol. There are other and more occult causes at work, such as the introduction of European diseases, the adoption of European clothing and habits, and, most remarkable of all, the gradual cessation of child-bearing. It may be the fittest which survives; it is not always the finest. Compare the Chinese and the Fijians. The latter are physically a very noble race, yet they are dying out. Whereas their best friends can scarcely maintain that the almond-eyed people are personally prepossessing, yet they thrive and multiply.

MATRIMONIAL AGENCIES.—No doubt it came as a great surprise to many to learn from the case of *Boyce v. Boyce* that presumably sane people do enter into wedlock through the introduction of matrimonial agencies. Every one has seen in the streets, at one time or another, hawkers selling papers ostensibly devoted to that tender business. But the overtures published in these wonderful journals usually read as if written by the same hand, and from half-a-dozen accepted models of composition. The masculine aspirants are invariably tall, strong, good-tempered, good-looking, domestic, and fond of children; the feminine as invariably claim beauty, gentleness, warm affections, and domesticity as their characteristic virtues. As for money, it is really extraordinary how well endowed most of them are—on paper. Six or seven hundred a year is quite a common thing, not to mention "expectations," which always bulk largely in the prospectus. But until this amusing yet depressing *Boyce* case came into Court, only the phenomenally credulous believed in the possibility of securing a well-endowed partner by advertising. That is the case, however; we have proof of its having happened in one instance, and the inference is, therefore, that it has happened in more. Astounding! Yet people say that matrimony is going out of fashion, owing to the disinclination of young people to wed on the "love in a cottage" system. But here was a lady with a substantial "tocher" who was so eager for wedded bliss that she took a "bus driver for better or worse, on the strength of his own guarantee that he was full of tenderness and Christian principle. Was there no eligible swain in her own rank of life to take her to the altar? Or was it ambition which led her to fall into the fascinating snares of the light-hearted jarvey? She may possibly have indulged in day-dreams of a handsome young aristocrat, with castles and yachts, and the most elegant clothes, standing on the other side of the go-between, as willing as *Barkis* was when courting poor *Peggotty*. It appears to have been a somewhat sad awakening when she made discovery that "bus drivers, however tender and Christian, have the tastes of their class.

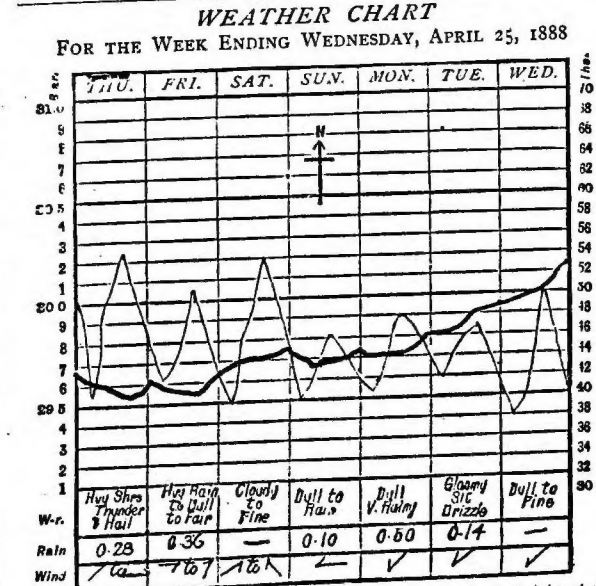
PEOPLE'S PALACES FOR SOUTH LONDON.—Some time ago an appeal was made to the Charity Commissioners to support a movement for the establishment of People's Palaces in South London. They at once agreed to give 1*l.* for every similar sum privately subscribed, up to the amount of 150,000*l.* The result of this wise and generous promise is that a strong committee has been appointed for the purpose of raising subscriptions. The intention is that four great institutions shall be established. They will be modelled on the People's Palace which is already so warmly appreciated in the East End. Ample provision will be made for the recreation of visitors, but it is also proposed that lecture-rooms and workshops of many different kinds shall be connected with the new institutions. That the scheme, if well carried out, will be of the greatest service to a vast district there can be no doubt. For some reason or other, the needs of the South of London have only lately begun to attract attention. For many years philanthropists have been at work in the East End, but the people of the Surrey side of the capital have been allowed to look after themselves. Lambeth and the Borough are certainly not better off than Whitechapel, and now that their claims are beginning to be understood we may hope that there will not be much difficulty in obtaining for them the advantages they are so anxious to secure. It is probable that those who are pressing on public attention the importance of technical education somewhat exaggerate the economical benefits that are likely to be derived from it. But whether or not it will increase the wealth of the country, it will tend to make work more interesting, and to improve its quality; and that cannot but be good both for working-men and for the community as a whole. Even if there were no other considerations to be taken into account, this alone would, no doubt, suffice to secure a generous response to the appeal of the South London Committee.

EARLY CLOSING.—Exeter Hall, with its traditional philanthropic associations, is scarcely the place where a meeting should have been held, the avowed object of which was to perpetuate the long and exhausting hours of labour imposed upon shopkeepers and their assistants. The meeting in question was both noisy and energetic. A well-organised opposition has evidently been formed against Sir John Lubbock's Bill, and it seems doubtful whether it has any chance of passing this Session. Early Closing, however, like the Ballot, is one of those subjects which ought to be pressed on public attention year after year, until a preponderance of opinion enlists itself in its favour. Everybody, however, who is not a one-sided enthusiast, must admit that the proposed reform is surrounded with formidable practical difficulties. These difficulties, however, are not so formidable as Lord Charles Beresford would have us believe. He sums up an array of some half a million working men, who he says must either shop after eight o'clock or not at all. This is a bit of platform exaggeration. Nearly all these people have female relations or connections who do their marketing for them; and the purchases which they make for themselves (apart from refreshment or tobacco) are nearly always made on Saturdays, when Sir John Lubbock will give them till ten p.m. As for voluntary closing, which was recommended at the meeting, it has been tried, and has failed. A shopkeeper very naturally cannot endure the idea that a greedy rival should be entertaining customers while

his own shutters are shut. All or none, is his motto. Then there is the public-house difficulty. It would certainly seem queer, if all other shops—except barbers—are shut at eight, that Bung should keep open till midnight. We venture to repeat an idea we mooted some time ago, namely, that the public-houses should take turns to close earlier. If one-third were shut every night at eight—geographical convenience being of course considered—the remaining two-thirds would be quite enough to supply all legitimate wants between eight and midnight.

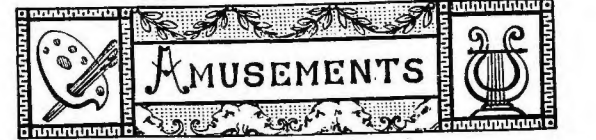
THE BOTTLED WINE DUTY.—M. Goblet threatens reprisals should Mr. Goschen carry out his intention of placing an additional duty on bottled wines. It would be a pity, indeed, if such a small matter were to lead to a war of tariffs between France and England. Nor does it seem fair, from a British standpoint, that this fiscal re-adjustment should be made cause for quarrel. Were an additional impost placed on the wine itself, France might have some cause to complain. But that is not the case; it is the system of bottling abroad upon which Mr. Goschen lays a light hand. No doubt this amounts to much the same thing in the case of wines, such as champagne, which cannot be imported in bulk. These will be a trifle dearer to the consumer. But does M. Goblet really imagine that the addition of 5*d.* per bottle would restrain a single person in these isles from indulging in "fizz"? The idea is so absurd that we are forced to look about for some more cogent reason. Perhaps this may be found in the practice which has grown up among a certain class of French wine-manufacturers, of importing cheap Spanish and other vintages, which, after doctoring, are bottled and labelled for exportation to England and America as high-class clarets and burgundies. An enormous profit accrues from this trade, it is said; but the new duty would make a hole in it, although still leaving a handsome balance of gain. We prefer to believe, however, that the contest between M. Goblet and Mr. Goschen involves a higher issue than the protection of cheating. Bottling gives employment to a large number of people in one way and another; and, in the present glut of labour, every patriotic Minister is bound to have regard to industrial considerations. We cannot blame M. Goblet for striving to maintain France's advantage, neither can our neighbours justly censure Mr. Goschen for seeking to secure a share for England. It is a fair battle for a fair prize. But the French Government would be singularly ill-advised to experiment with any coercive methods of prevention. John Bull does not much relish being bullied; and conceiving, as he does—perhaps not without reason—that our commercial arrangements with France favour her trade more than our own, he might be found only too ready to pick a quarrel on that ground.

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, entitled "WHAT IS KNOWN ABOUT SHAKESPEARE," I., written by Thomas Archer.



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Wednesday midnight (25th inst.). The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The seasonable weather so noticeable last week gave place to less favourable conditions in the course of the present one, rough and bleak North-Easterly winds, with cloudy skies and cold showers, setting in over the major part of the country. During the first three days a shallow depression advanced in a South-Easterly direction to the South of Scotland, and then in a southerly course towards the neighbourhood of South-Western or Western breezes filled up. This system at first produced North-Easterly to North-West winds over England, and strong Northerly (North-Easterly to North-West) winds over the more Western portion of the United Kingdom, while subsequently gales over the more Western portion of the country. Cloudy showery weather North-Easterly breezes were experienced very generally. At a few scattered stations, and in some places, with hail, sleet, and thunderstorms at the latter portion of the week, and decreasing temperature generally. During the latter portion of the week, pressure increased steadily in the North, and remained fairly steady in the South, where areas of low readings were found in the neighbourhood of the North-West of France. North-Easterly winds to slight gale force in many places over our Islands, and frequently freshened to the greater part of the country, rain and the sky continued overcast over the greater part of the country, and temperature ruled steadily below the average generally. At the close of the week no indications of any important change in the winds or weather were apparent. Temperature at the beginning of the week was rather above the average conditions, particularly in the North, but quickly fell below the mean in all places. The highest readings, which occurred on Thursday (19th inst.), were about 55° in several localities, but at one or two inland English stations the thermometer nearly reached 60°, the lowest showed decided frost over Scotland towards the close of the period, but in all other places the value varied from about 35° to 40°. The barometer was highest (30.14 inches) on Wednesday (25th inst.); lowest (29.55 inches) on Friday (20th inst.); range 0.59 inch. The temperature was highest (55°) on Thursday (12th inst.); lowest (38°) on Wednesday (25th inst.); range 17°. Rain fell on five days. Total fall 1.38 in. Greatest fall on any one day 0.50 in. on Monday (23rd inst.)



SHAKESPEARE'S HEROINES.
New Pictures Painted by the following Artists:
L. ALMA-TADEMA, F. LONG, R.A., R.W. MACBETH, A.R.A.,
R.A. H. WOODS, A.R.A., F. DICKSEE, A.R.A.,
LUKE FILDES, R.A., HERBERT SCHMALZ, C.E. PERUGINI,
MARCUS STONE, R.A., VAL PRINSEP, A.R.A., E. J. POYNTER, R.A.,
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OPEN DAILY.—Admission One Shilling, at the GRAPHIC GALLERY, Brook Street (two doors from New Bond Street).

TO ARTISTS, and ART STUDENTS, and AMATEURS.
Some years ago a "GRAPHIC" SCHOOL OF WOOD ENGRAVING was established, which has since been eminently successful in producing some engravers of talent, all of whom are now employed on the permanent staff of "THE GRAPHIC."

It is now proposed to found a SCHOOL FOR ARTISTS, who will be instructed in the different methods of producing Black and White Drawings, most suitable for Engraving on Wood, or for the different processes now employed for Illustrations here, and on the Continent.

It is generally well known that some of our foremost Artists have first distinguished themselves in the pages of "THE GRAPHIC," before making their great reputation as Painters. The names of LUKE FILDES, FRANK HOLL, HENRY WOODS, E. J. GREGORY, R. W. MACBETH, and HUBERT HERKOMER of the Royal Academy may be cited as examples, and if we wish to hold our own among European Art-Workers, it is highly necessary that this most important branch should be encouraged, and that all the Prizes should not be suffered to fall into the hands of French and German Artists.

REGULATIONS FOR ADMISSION
1. Each candidate (who must not be more than twenty-five years of age), will be required to send to the DIRECTOR of "THE GRAPHIC," 190, STRAND, W.C. (with stamped and addressed envelope for their return), a Set of Original Sketches of FIGURE SUBJECTS.
2. They may consist of either scenes of actual events, portraits from life, drawings from animals, or humorous sketches.
3. Studies from Still Life, the Antique, or Landscape sketches cannot be received.
4. The Candidate must state his age and address, and mark outside the packet, "Drawings for Competition."
5. No Premium will be required. The students will be chosen according to the merit of the drawings submitted, but after selection they will have a fortnight's trial before being definitely accepted.

The instruction from capable Masters will be free, but the Students must find their own materials, and share the expense of models.

The hours of attendance (from 9.30 to 5) will have to be strictly kept, and the Student will be liable to dismissal if not considered sufficiently diligent or competent.

The Director of "THE GRAPHIC" may at any time propose to make an agreement with the Student to retain his services for a term at a fixed salary, to be mutually agreed upon.

NOTE.—It will save correspondence to state that the remuneration depends entirely on the industry and capability of the Students, but there is no doubt that a large field of employment is open for clever artists in illustrating different publications, and that the yearly incomes at the present time derived from this source range from two hundred to two thousand pounds.

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LYCEUM.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING. FAUST.—To-night at Eight.—Mephistopheles, Mr. Henry Irving; Margaret, Miss Ellen Terry. Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst), open from 10 to 5. Seats can be booked by letter or telegram.—LYCEUM.

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The Exhibition will be opened on TUESDAY, 8th May 1888, by their Royal Highnesses the PRINCE and PRINCESS OF WALES.
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Her Majesty's Jubilee Presents.
Magnificent Collection of Sculpture and Paintings
Bishop's Castle—Archaeological Collection.
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Admission (Thursdays Half Crown Day) ONE SHILLING.
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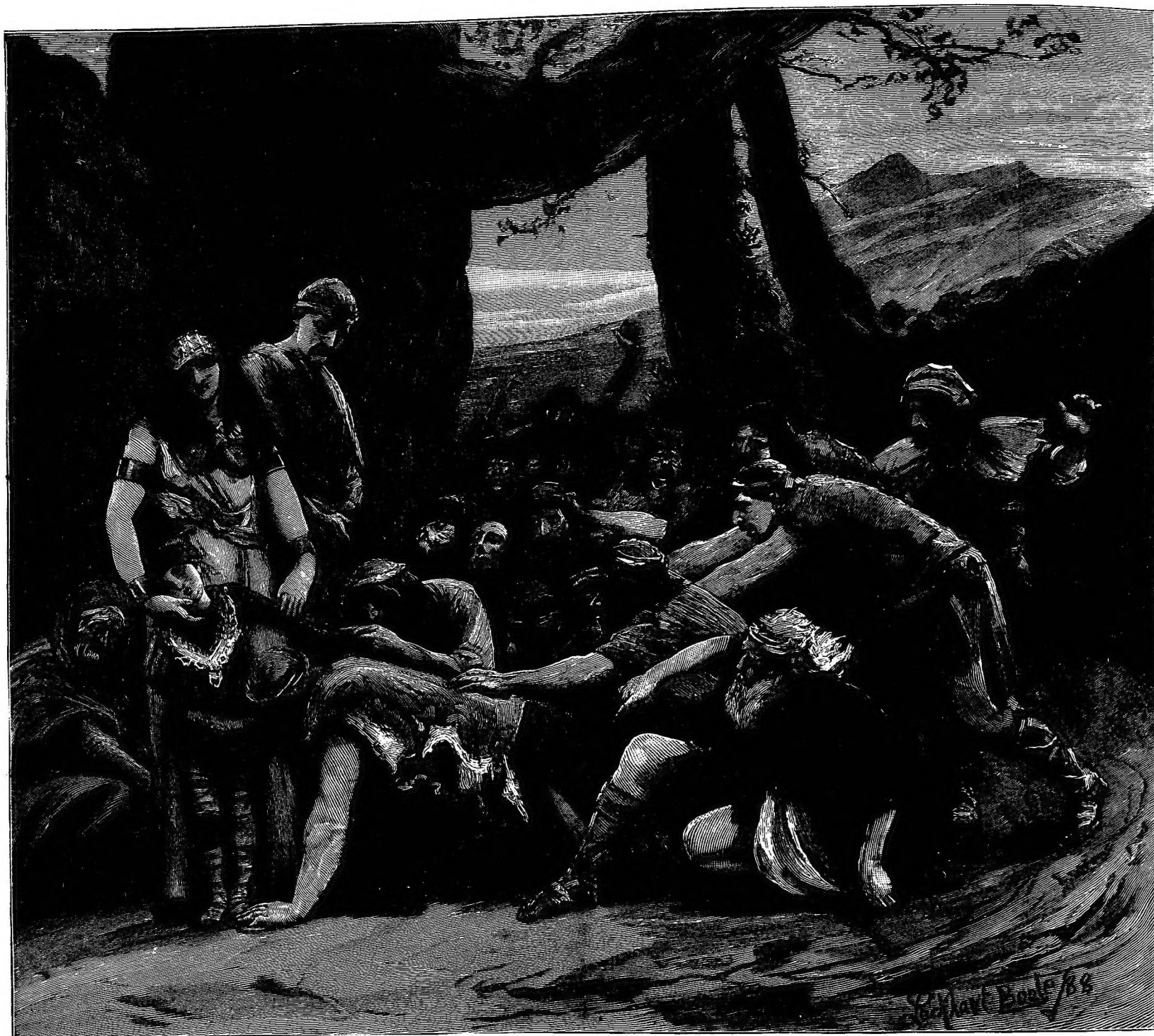
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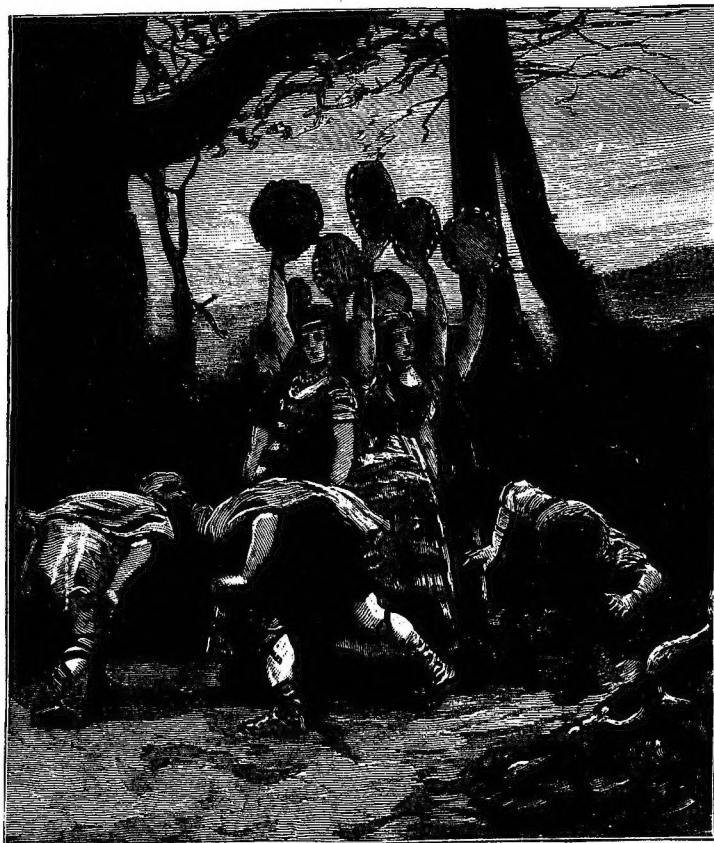
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THE GYPSY DANCE



LOVE SCENE BETWEEN THE GYPSY MINSTREL AND THE SORCERESS

SCENES FROM THE "SORCERESS"
A NEW PLAY PRODUCED BY MR. HUBERT HERKOMER, A.R.A., AT BUSHEY



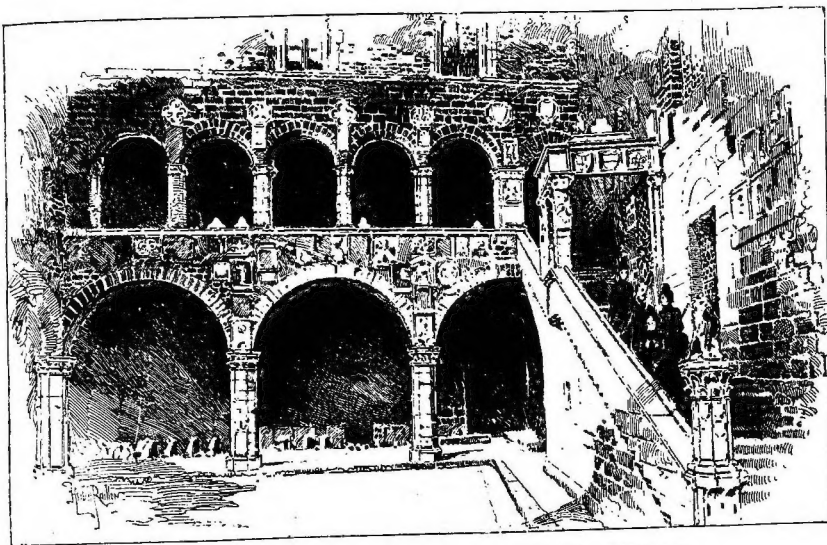
MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD
Born December 24, 1822. Died April 15, 1888



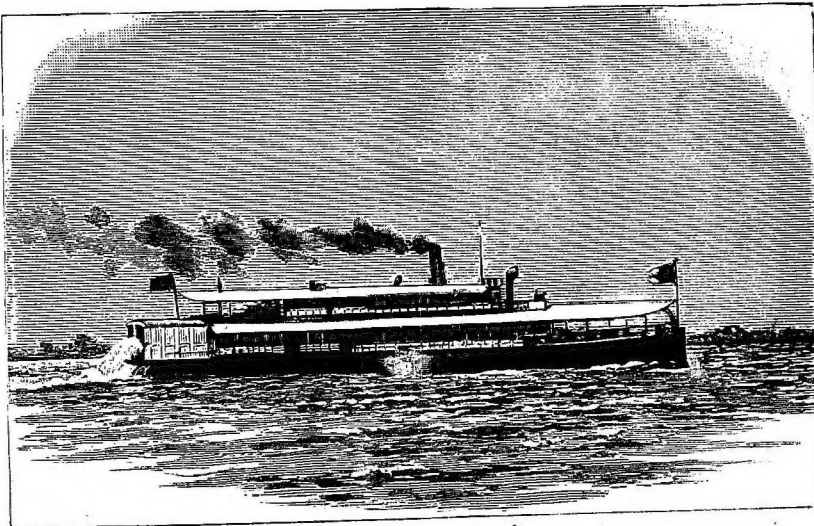
COLONEL TURNER
Divisional Magistrate for County Clare, Ireland



MR. T. GERMAN REED
Born 1817. Died March 21, 1888



THE QUEEN VISITING THE BARGELLO PALACE, FLORENCE



THE S.S. "KULING"
The First Steamer for the Navigation of the Upper Yangtze River, China



A ROYAL DISTRICT VISITOR
H.R.H. PRINCESS CHRISTIAN VISITING A COTTAGE AT WINDSOR

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THE ILLNESS OF THE EMPEROR FREDERICK

EVER since the Emperor Frederick's malady changed again for the worse crowds of loyal subjects have assembled outside his palace at Charlottenburg, in the hope of obtaining a fleeting glimpse of their sovereign as he appears at the window, where he is wont to show himself from time to time when able to leave his bed for a few hours. His appearance excites the greatest possible enthusiasm, particularly when, as he occasionally does, the Emperor waves his handkerchief in response to the hearty cheers with which he is invariably greeted by the crowd. The people in their eagerness often break through the police line and rush to the railings of the Palace. Even when the Royal sufferer is too unwell to show himself the crowd still wait patiently in order to have the latest news, and eagerly interrogate the physicians as they drive past. On Sunday afternoon a lady in the crowd started the suggestion that all the bunches of violets which were being offered for sale by the flower girls should be bought up, and a bouquet sent in to the Emperor. The idea was eagerly adopted, and the Emperor is said to have been much touched by this mark of sympathy—the violet being the favourite flower of the Emperor Frederick, as the corn-flower was of his father. The lady was sent for by the Empress at the express request of the Emperor, and told her Majesty that thousands were ready before the Palace to give their heart's blood for the Kaiser. The Empress replied, "Oh how much I thank you! I too am ready to give my heart's blood for my sick husband. Tell those who sent the flowers that the Kaiser was greatly pleased by this token of loyal love; he sends to all his heartfelt thanks." The lady duly delivered the message to the crowd outside, who pressed eagerly round her to learn what the Kaiserin had said.

MR. HERKOMER'S NEW PLAY AT BUSHEY

THE little village of Bushey was *en fête* last Tuesday, when the Professor and the pupils of the Herkomer Schools held their first public reception. These schools were started five years ago, and there are now from forty-five to sixty students of both sexes. The beginning was on a very small and modest scale, and now *ateliers*, workshops, and forges have grown up round the original cottage. Mr. Herkomer has given his instruction without expecting or accepting any fee whatever. The institution is now both self-supporting and prosperous. Drawing, painting, etching, engraving, and wood-carving are carried on, and the village has won quite a position for itself in the Art world.

The reception was succeeded by an operatic play in the little theatre. The music was composed by Mr. Herkomer, the orchestration being arranged by Mr. Armbruster, who conducted the performance. The theatre is very simply decorated, there are no footlights, and no flies. The orchestra is unseen. When the curtain rose on *The Sorceress*, a gipsy encampment was disclosed. This is not merely a picture, it is rather a bit of framed nature, as the trees are all modelled. There is no spoken language throughout the piece, all is expressed by singing and pantomime. Mr. Herkomer modestly styles his composition a "romantic fragment." There is not much plot in it, it rather consists of a series of picturesque groupings, illustrated by appropriate music. When the play begins, a number of gipsies (the scene is laid in Germany) are seen sleeping round a camp-fire. The only person who is awake is the gipsy queen, the sorceress. To her presently enters a trusty maiden, bearing a child, which she has stolen by her mistress's orders, for the sake of ensuring the prosperity of the tribe. Next appears a gipsy minstrel, who loves the queen, and sings a ditty in her praise. The captain of the band arouses the camp, and they all join in a joyous chorus. As day dawns, the gipsies disperse, but return to kiss the hem of the stolen child's dress. Then a hermit appears on the scene, who gives the party his blessing, and afterwards a shepherd somewhat timidly enters the deserted camp, when he is presently joined by his frightened old father and a shepherdess. He sings a song of welcome to the morn, and to the notes of his pipe the curtain slowly descends. The play will be repeated on several future occasions. After the performance, which took place in the afternoon, Mr. Herkomer's guests were shown over the studios and workshops, where they saw much that was both interesting and new.

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD

THE late Matthew Arnold was born at Laleham, near Staines, on Christmas Eve, 1822. He was the eldest son of Dr. Thomas Arnold, the famous Head Master of Rugby School. He was educated at Winchester and Rugby, and then became a Scholar of Balliol College, Oxford, where, in 1843, he won the Newdigate Prize for a poem on Cromwell. Between 1847 and 1851 he was private secretary to Lord Lansdowne. In the latter year he married a daughter of Mr. Justice Wightman, and was nominated one of H.M. Inspectors of Schools. The laborious work involved in this appointment he fulfilled diligently until two or three years ago. In 1857 Mr. Arnold was elected to the Chair of Poetry in Oxford. Many years ago Mr. Arnold was warned by the doctors that his heart was feeble, a warning emphasised by the fact that both his grandfather and father had been carried off by affections of that organ. He was advised, consequently, to observe certain rules of diet and regimen. To these he strictly adhered, with the result that the heaviest portion of his life's labour was accomplished since the above-named warning was given. Bearing this in mind, it is remarkable that his death was possibly accelerated by the youthful exuberance of spirits which induced him the day previous to jump over a low railing. He was staying with his brother-in-law, Mr. J. W. Cropper, of Liverpool, for the purpose of meeting a married daughter, who was coming from New York. After luncheon, on Sunday, April 15th, at which he was cheerful and playful as usual, he and his wife went for a walk when he suddenly fell to the ground, and never spoke again. He was buried at Laleham amid a concourse of sorrowing friends. Matthew Arnold was one of the chief men of letters of this generation; but it should not be forgotten that, as in the analogous case of Charles Lamb and the East India Office, school-inspecting was Arnold's business, literature his recreation. All the more credit, then, to him for having produced, with such scanty leisure, so much that is valuable. We speak diffidently, but of his various works those which treat of theology will probably least possess the quality of endurance. His poetry is charming, but of a somewhat artificial, over-cultivated order, and therefore never likely to command a wide popularity. As a critic he was admirable,

and in some respects unsurpassed; nor should it be forgotten that his constant diatribes against Philistinism have done something to remove that unlovely cloak of insular self-complacency in which, till of recent years, we were wont to wrap ourselves.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Sarony, 87, Union Square, New York.

COLONEL TURNER

HEREWITH we engrave a portrait (from a photograph by Chancellor of Dublin) of Colonel Turner, Divisional Magistrate of County Clare. It will be remembered that the National League demonstration announced to be held at Ennis on Sunday, April 8th, was proclaimed by the Government, and a large force of soldiers and constabulary was drafted into the town to prevent any assemblages from taking place. Accordingly, Mr. Davitt and Mr. John O'Connor, M.P., who had been expected to address the meeting, remained at an hotel in the town, and all seemed likely to pass off quietly, until the afternoon, when some wild spirits announced that a gathering would take place in an old store in the western outskirts of Ennis. It seems to us that the authorities might have wisely winked at this somewhat ludicrous substitute for the suppressed meeting; however, they determined to disperse it. So the police forced the gateway (which had been barricaded) leading to the yard in which the store was situated, and, being received with a shower of stones, plied their staves indiscriminately. Some of the cavalry, too, rode into the yard, and one of them, with his sabre, nearly cut off the finger of Mr. Hill, reporter for the *Irish Times*, a Conservative paper. A good many persons were hurt, and some seventy-five prisoners were taken. After the fray was over, the troopers were much groaned at for singing "Rule Britannia" and "God Save the Queen" as they rode through the town. Mr. James Halpin, a Poor-Law Guardian, has since been prosecuted for taking part in the above-named meeting. Colonel Turner, who was in charge of the military and police on the occasion, gave evidence, and described the conflict which went on in and around the store. The stone-throwing from the windows, he said, was very severe, and he was obliged to stop it by ordering men to point unloaded rifles at any persons who appeared at the windows. He never ordered any charge to be made, and batons were only to be used in cases of resistance and stone-throwing. In his opinion such meetings tended to prevent the people fulfilling their loyal obligations, they led to intimidation, outrage, and crime, and interfered with the administration of the law. Mr. Halpin was sentenced by the magistrates to three months' imprisonment, against which he at once appealed.

MR THOMAS GERMAN REED

WHO died at his residence, St. Croix, Upper East Sheen, Surrey, on March 21st, in his seventy-first year, was a founder of, and a prominent participator in, the drawing-room dramatic entertainments so long given at the Gallery of Illustration, Regent Street, and subsequently at St. George's Hall, Langham Place. In early life Mr. German Reed, who came of a musical family, married that favourite actress, Miss Priscilla Horton, whom veteran playgoers will remember in fairy extravaganzas at the Haymarket, and still earlier as Ariel in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, under the reign of Macready at Covent Garden. In 1854, after taking part in some of Charles Kean's Shakespearian revivals at the Princess's, Mrs. German Reed and her husband went about the country with a piece designed to allow parodies of various styles of singing to be introduced. Such was the germ of the celebrated entertainment, which in the following year was first given at St. Martin's Hall, Long Acre, since burnt down. At first Mr. Reed, though a skilled musician and singer, did not shine as an actor, but by degrees he attained a very respectable degree of proficiency, especially as a facial mimic, though he never attained the position occupied by his gifted wife. For some years Mr. and Mrs. Reed had retired from the active management of the business, which is now in the hands of their descendants. It is scarcely necessary here to mention the performers of celebrity who have been members of this troupe, the names of John Parry and Corney Grain will suffice. Mr. Reed was, in his leisure hours, an enthusiastic votary of the hunting field, and a skilful yachtsman.—Our portrait is from a photograph by John Watkins, 34, Parliament Street, S.W.

THE QUEEN VISITING THE BARGELLO AT FLORENCE

DURING her stay at Florence, the Queen worked as hard at sight-seeing as any ordinary tourist, and visited all the chief monuments of the City of the Medici. Amongst others Her Majesty went over that gloomy old magisterial Palace the Bargello, now turned into a National Museum. The Queen was accompanied by the Princess Beatrice, and was shown round the collection by the British Consul-General, and by the Marchese Guiccioli, the Director of Royal Galleries and Museums. We have already described this historical building, and need say little more than that the collection contains some magnificent works by Michael Angelo and Donatello, some splendid frescoes by Andrea del Castagno, who murdered his friend Domenico Veneziano who had taught him the secret of oil-painting, so as to become its sole possessor, and many other noteworthy Art-treasures. The courtyard of the Bargello is particularly picturesque and singularly effective in colour. Near the well in the centre many noble Florentines have been beheaded. The Arms of the Duke of Athens and of two hundred and four Podestas who subsequently ruled in Florence hang near the entrance.

THE STEAMSHIP "KULING"

AT the end of last November there was launched from the yard of Messrs. Boyd and Co., Pootung, Shanghai, the pioneer steamer of the Upper Yangtze Steam Navigation Company. She was christened the *Kuling* by Miss Little, niece of Mr. Archibald J. Little, Manager of the Company, and has been specially built for navigating rapids and dangerous rocky channels. Her designer is the well-known naval architect, Mr. Josiah M'Gregor, recently of Calcutta, and now of 78, Queen Victoria Street, E.C. He had already built a number of light-draught steamers, which are now successfully navigating the Ganges and Brahmaputra rivers, and the *Kuling* is the latest outcome of his inventive genius. By placing the boiler and engines amidships (an innovation never before attempted in a stern-wheeler), the boat remains always in trim. The power is conveyed to the wheels by means of two piston-rods 55 feet long, carried on guides under the main-deck. Her heavy rudder is managed by powerful steam steering-gear. She is 176 feet long, 28 feet wide, and 7½ feet deep, and is driven by two sets of compound engines. Her carrying capacity is about 500 tons, and she also has accommodation for a large number of Chinese passengers and a few Europeans. Unloaded, she draws 27 inches, and loaded 4 feet.

THE PRINCESS CHRISTIAN VISITING THE POOR AT WINDSOR

PRINCESS CHRISTIAN has always taken great interest in the poor of Windsor,—not merely such interest as is chiefly shown by bountiful subscriptions to charitable institutions, but that personal interest which makes the gift tenfold more valued by the recipients. The Princess is a district visitor in the parish of Holy Trinity, of which the Rev. Arthur Robins is the Rector, and is the first daughter of any English King or Queen who has ever undertaken such a praiseworthy task. Every week the Princess may

be seen basket in hand going the rounds of King's Terrace, Arthur Road, where she administers kind counsel and creature comforts to the poor of about twenty cottages. King's Terrace, although liable to inundation, and in flood time to have a foot and a half of water in its parlours, is not, however, one of those sad slums of Windsor which were officially reported after inspection last year to



PRINCESS CHRISTIAN'S VISITING DISTRICT, IN THE PARISH OF HOLY TRINITY, WINDSOR

be "still pitifully bad." The Princess takes the lead in every good work in Windsor, and recently, on the coming of age of Prince Christian Victor, was presented with a testimonial in recognition of her exertions in the cause of charity. Some two thousand subscribers, including a large number of the very poor of the town, raised a sum of 600*l.*, with which were bought a sapphire pendant with pearl-shaped drop, together with a diamond ring, and a handsome album bound in Windsor Forest oak, and containing the names of the subscribers, and some water-colour sketches of Windsor. The presentation took place on the 14th inst. at the Town Hall, Windsor, Prince Christian Victor being subsequently presented with the honorary freedom of the borough of which his father, Prince Christian, is the High Steward.

LORD HARTINGTON IN THE CITY

ON Wednesday, April 18th, Lord Hartington was presented with the freedom of the City of London, at a Court of Common Council. The ceremony took place in the Guildhall, the hall and galleries of which were crowded with ladies and gentlemen, who cheered and waved hats and handkerchiefs when Lord Hartington came in, accompanied by Mr. Goschen and Sir Henry James. Then the Town Clerk read the resolution of the Court, passed on the 15th December, to the effect that the freedom of the City should be presented in a gold box to Lord Hartington in appreciation of the wise and patriotic spirit he had shown during his Parliamentary career, and especially in connection with the events of recent times affecting the welfare of the United Kingdom. The following formalities then took place:—First, the Clerk of the Chamberlain's Court (Lieut.-Colonel T. Davies Sewell) read the testimony of the compurgators (that is, persons who vouch for the intending freeman's good behaviour); secondly, the Chamberlain, Mr. Benjamin Scott, invited Lord Hartington to read and sign a declaration of fealty; and, thirdly, the Chamberlain addressed the new freeman in a brief speech, after which he and the Lord Mayor shook him by the hand. Lord Hartington made a modest, yet rather important, speech in reply, and then the proceedings ended with "God Save the Queen." The gold casket containing the freedom, and intended specially to typify the public services of Lord Hartington, was designed and manufactured by Mr. George Kenning, of Little Britain.

BI-METALLIC CONFERENCE

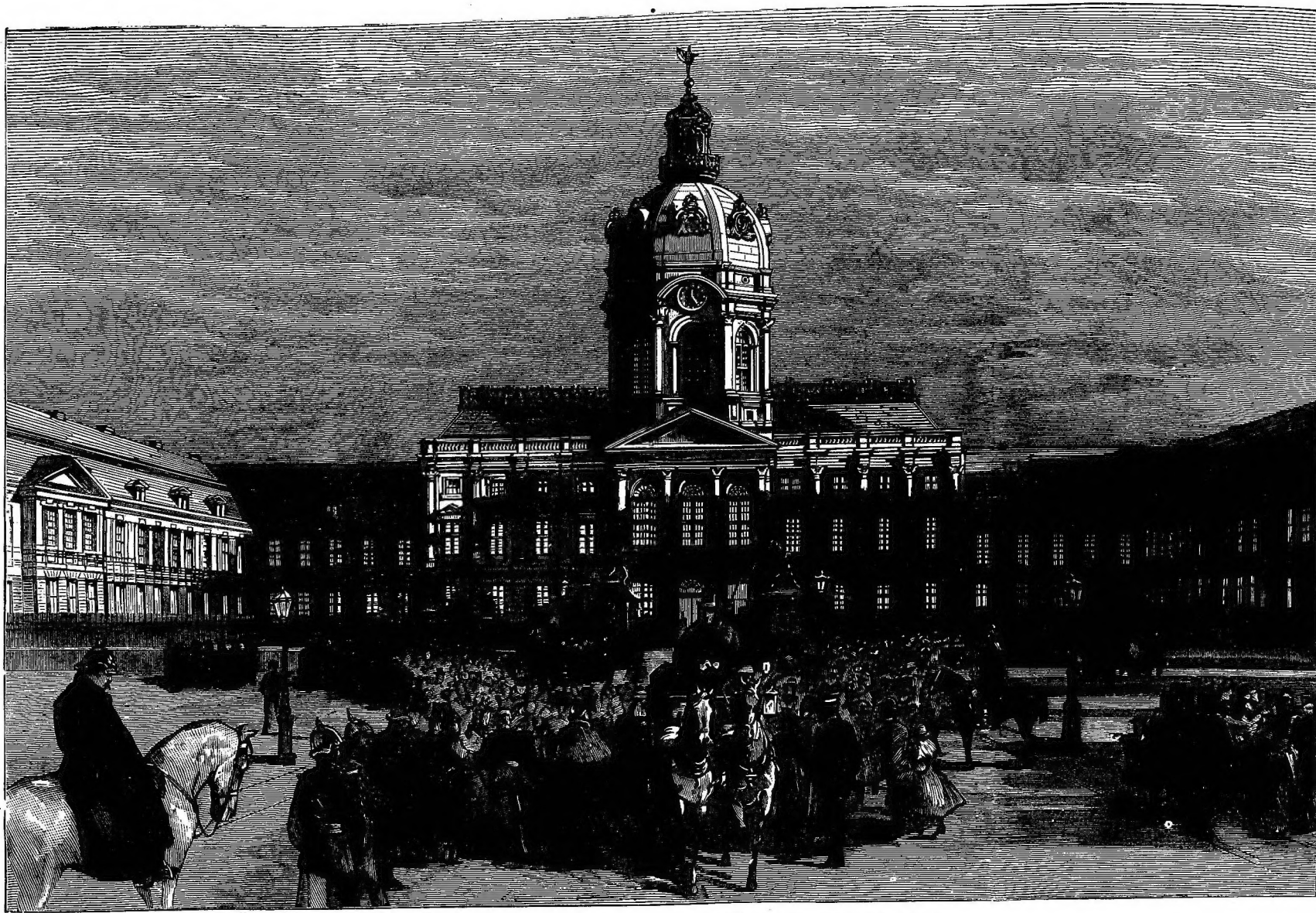
A CONFERENCE promoted by the Bi-metallic League was opened on April 4th in the Concert Hall, Manchester, and continued next day in the Town Hall. There was a large attendance of the friends of the League, and of Manchester mercantile men. Mr. Henry Hucks Gibbs, President of the League, took the chair, and in his opening address explained the objects of the bi-metallic agitation. "What we want," he said, "is an agreement with France, Germany, and the United States, we and they accepting the principle of the restoration of the par between gold and silver, opening the mints, and fixing a ratio." Mr. Gibbs, who was born in 1819, was educated at Rugby and Exeter College, Oxford, and is now chief of the celebrated house of Antony Gibbs and Sons. He was Governor of the Bank of England in 1874, and is now an ardent advocate of bi-metallism. Speeches at the meeting were also made by Mr.



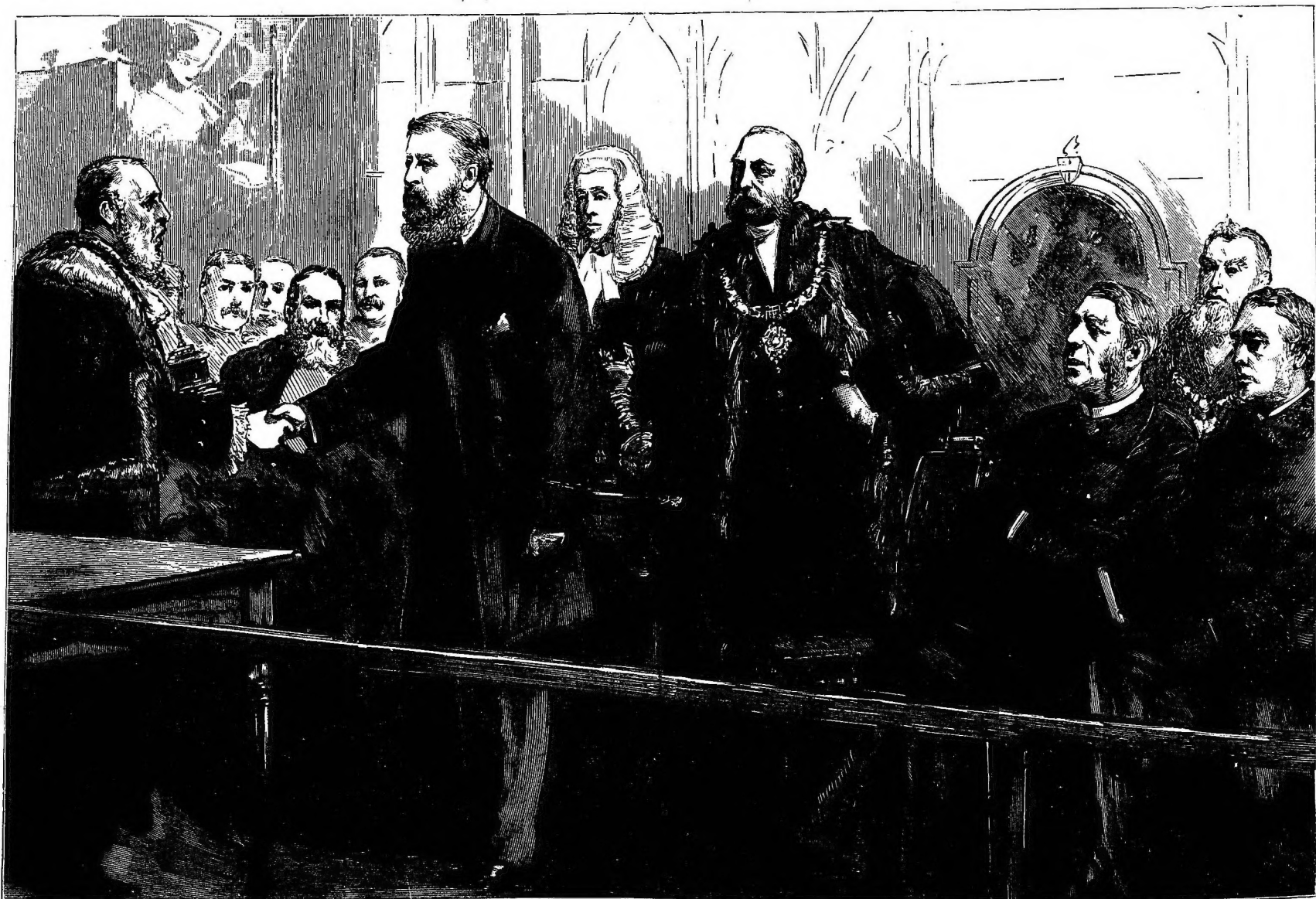
HON. S. DANA HORTON
An American Bimetalist, Author of "The Silver Pound"

Stephen Williamson, M.P., who dwelt on the hindrance to trade between gold and silver-using countries, caused by the existing monetary laws; and by Professor Foxwell, who contended that it was sound policy for the rate of exchange of two communities to be fixed independently of any variation in their cost of production. An ardent American bi-metalist was also present, the Hon. S. Dana Horton, whose book, "The Silver Pound," is regarded as the most authoritative work on this subject ever written. In the

LONDON MORTALITY decreased last week, and 1,552 deaths were registered, against 1,692 during the previous seven days, a fall of 140, being 221 below the average, and at the rate of 18.9 per 1,000, a lower rate than in any previous week of this year. These deaths included 18 from measles (a rise of 6), 21 from scarlet fever (an increase of 4), 10 from diphtheria (a decline of 9), 92 from whooping-cough (a fall of 16), 13 from enteric fever (a rise of 4), 1 from an ill-defined form of continued fever, 23 from diarrhoea and dysentery (an increase of 4), and not one from small-pox, typhus, or cholera. There were 961 scarlet fever patients in the Metropolitan Asylums Hospital at the close of last week, besides 84 in the London Fever Hospital. Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 363 (a decline of 81), and were 47 below the average. Different forms of violence caused 48 deaths; 36 were the result of accident or negligence, among which were 19 from fractures and contusions, 5 from burns and scalds, 3 from drowning, and 6 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. Twelve cases of suicide were registered, exceeding the average by 3. There were 2,579 births registered, against 2,831 the previous week, being 247 below the average.



THE ILLNESS OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR
THE CROWD WAITING OUTSIDE THE PALACE, CHARLOTTENBURG, FOR THE LATEST NEWS OF THE EMPEROR'S HEALTH



PRESENTATION OF THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY TO LORD HARTINGTON

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Professor J. S. Nicholson

Mr. Gilbert Beith

Mr. J. C. Fielden

Mr. Henry Hucks Gibbs
President

Mr. Stephen
Williamson, M.P. &
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Mr. Abraham Haworth Mr. H. R. Grenfell

Mr. William Westgarth

Sir H. M. Meysey-Thompson, Bart.

MEETING OF THE BIMETALLIC LEAGUE AT MANCHESTER
A PORTRAIT GROUP



THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY has been somewhat better this week. The dangerous symptoms which excited so much alarm last week have abated, the fever has diminished, and though not permitted to move about or drive out, he was able on Tuesday to leave his bed for the sofa, where he received the Queen, who, as we detail in our Court News, arrived in Berlin that morning. The Emperor's relapse is generally considered to be due to the formation of abscesses in the lower part of the larynx, which may have caused blood poisoning, and consequent fever, but on Tuesday these were thought to be healing. The Emperor has been very carefully treated with regard to nourishment, this consisting of various kinds of meat, light vegetables, milk with grape sugar, and white bread. The recent accusations against Sir Morell Mackenzie and Dr. Hovell, which have been so prominently published in certain German journals, have resulted in the two English doctors instituting legal proceedings for libel, and as a preliminary step the Berlin *Post* has been obliged to publish a denial of the statement that Dr. Hovell was asleep when the change in the Emperor's condition occurred on the 12th inst., and only appeared at the instance of Dr. Wagner, while the *Kreuz Zeitung* has been equally compelled to print a letter from Sir Morell Mackenzie denying that he was "at his wits' end, and therefore sent for Professor von Bergmann" on the same occasion. Dr. Bergmann was only sent for out of pure courtesy, and with regard to the much-discussed insertion of the tube, as he wished to insert it, Sir Morell Mackenzie raised no objection. "He was," continues the rectification, "unsuccessful, and the tube was finally inserted by Dr. Bramann."

The Queen was most cordially received at Berlin; and the *North German Gazette* echoed the general feeling when it stated that Her Majesty would be greeted "with the reverence and sympathy which are due to her as the ruler for so many years of a friendly State, and as the mother of our Empress. All German hearts will gratefully regard it as a sign of sincerity and interest on the part of Her Majesty in the fortunes of our ruling House when she approaches the sick bed of our dearly beloved Kaiser, and thus participates personally in the grievous affliction and great sorrow which now possess us. May it be vouchsafed to her to bring with her consolation and hope; and may she, on the other hand, rest assured that the sympathy which she manifests by coming here will always remain in grateful remembrance among us." The movements of Her Majesty are chronicled in "Court;" but we may mention that the Queen was much surprised at finding the Emperor so little changed, especially in view of the reports which had reached her of late from the medical men. Her Majesty's brief interview with the Emperor of Austria at Innsbruck has also been a subject for much favourable comment in the Austro-Hungarian Press, which regards it as a definitive endorsement of the *entente cordiale* which has recently been established between Austria and England.

In FRANCE the Boulanger agitation is certainly doing one good work. It is uniting the various important fractions of the Republican party in the face of a common danger—a Military Dictatorship. When the Chamber resumed business last week M. Floquet at once asked for, and obtained, a vote of confidence, by 379 to 177 votes. He did not mince matters in his speech, as, when acknowledging his determination to proceed to a Revision of the Constitution, he pronounced the present not to be a fitting time, when Revision "is a trap laid by Monarchy, and a stepping-stone to a Dictatorship." While, however, dutifully expressing its trust in M. Floquet, the Chamber, nevertheless, decided to take one step towards organising the revision of the Constitution, and nominated a Committee to consider and report on the various schemes. On Monday there was another Parliamentary field-day over an interpellation with regard to the appointment of a civilian—M. de Freycinet—to the War Office, which was pronounced to be a revolutionary act, and a "challenge thrown down to public opinion and the Army;" while the presence at the War Office of the "man to whom France owed the loss of Egypt was to be deplored." M. Floquet and M. de Freycinet made energetic and forcible replies, and were supported by the Chamber again with a large majority. President Carnot started on his tour on Wednesday. He delivered his first speech at Limoges, where he declared himself to be the "vigilant and resolute guardian" of the Republic. The Comte de Paris has also given his views on the situation, and claims to have prophesied the crisis in his instructions to the Royalist party last year. He considers that the crisis is due to the internal dissensions of the Republican Government and the abuses of Parliamentary Government in the hands of a despotic party. Like General Boulanger, he avers that France is tired of a discredited Chamber, and wishes for an appeal to the nation, which "at the decisive hour will see that the solution ought to be Monarchy—as I have defined it, and to the restoration of which I devote all my efforts."

The anti-Boulanger feeling runs very high amongst the Paris students, and there have been some very sharp street-fights between the partisans of the "brave general" and the young gentlemen of the Latin Quarter of the Rue Montmartre. The students are enraged at certain articles which have been published in the *Cocarde*, and a procession of them seized a cart of Boulangerist newspapers near the Fontaine St. Michel and made a bonfire of them. A sharp battle subsequently took place in the Rue Montmartre between the students, who numbered about a thousand, and a troop of Boulangerists, in which canes and stones were freely used. The police finally interfered, whereupon the students sent a deputation to M. Floquet, complaining that, while they were interfered with, the Boulangerists were allowed to do practically what they liked. M. Floquet denied this, and declared that in restoring order the police were sure to get blamed on both sides. The Boulangerist party have now been joined by M. Émile Ollivier, of "light heart" reputation, by M. de Maupas, who Napoleon III. found so useful as Prefect of Police in the Coup d'État, and by Father Hyacinthe. The Paris Municipality, however, have almost unanimously condemned the movement. There have been two noteworthy dramatic novelties—*La Marchande de Sourires*, a Japanese melodrama, by Madame Judith Gautier, a daughter of Théophile Gautier, at the Odéon, with costumes and scenery true to local colouring; and a stage version, by M. William Busnach, of M. Zola's powerfully realistic novel, "Germinal," at the Châtelet. In this a working section of the mine is reproduced in a marvellously faithful and impressive scene.

EASTERN EUROPE still threatens to develop further complications. The Russians are now complaining of the movements of Austrian troops, and declare that further counter-movements of Russian soldiers must necessarily ensue. In Austria-Hungary the anti-Russian feeling is in no way abated, and the *Pesther Lloyd*, while exhorting the legitimate rulers of the Balkan States to make short work of the Pan-Slavist agitators, who claim immunity under the Russian flag, remarks, "Russia will not attack us, but she gradually undermines the whole of Eastern Europe in order to create a state of things which we could not possibly tolerate without endangering our safety and our most vital interests"—a very trite definition of Russian Eastern policy. There is little doubt that the revolt in Roumania has been carefully fostered by Russian intrigues. "Long live Russia, she will give us lands and money," has been

one of the rallying cries. The Government have put down the revolt with a very firm hand, over 3,000 arrests were made, and 1,000 prisoners were in durance vile at Bucharest at the beginning of this week. The Government is also making an inquiry into the peasants' grievances, which are mainly due to landlord absenteeism and the oppression of the peasants by agents, the most onerous terms, for instance, being imposed upon them for pasturage. These evils were enhanced by the failure of the maize harvest last year, and also by the closing of the Hungarian frontier to Roumanian cattle. A Bill to remedy the chief complaints will be brought forward in the Chamber, and meanwhile the authorities are dealing leniently with the prisoners, and taking measures to alleviate the distress which undoubtedly exists, large quantities of grain being distributed under military supervision.

From INDIA it is reported that Lord Dufferin will probably leave for England in August—the Governor of Bombay undertaking his duties until the arrival of Lord Lansdowne. There is little news from the Sikkim Expedition save that Colonel Graham and his staff advanced on the 18th inst. to the Nimla Ridge, in order to ascertain the enemies' whereabouts, and repair the road from Gnatong to Kepap. This road repaired, our troops retired without having seen the enemy. There are still, however, rumours of intended night attacks, and the Thibetans are reported to be gathering in force near the Jalap Pass.

In BURMA the dacoit outrages continue, and raids upon villages appear to be a matter of daily occurrence. This is partly attributed to the disarmament of the villagers, in consequence of which the districts of the Mon Valley, some of the richest in Burma, are practically ruled by a dacoit leader, Ottawa, formerly a lieutenant of Boh Shway. He has created a military and political organisation, styles himself Mingyee, or Chief Minister, a title which he claims to have received from the Shwaygyobin Prince, one of the Alompra pretenders. He compels the villagers to pay properly-assessed taxes, and if they comply protects them from dacoits. If any village disobeys his orders, or assists or gives information to the authorities, it is surrounded at night, and the men who have offended taken out and put to death. Ottawa himself lives in the jungle with his bodyguard, and by shifting his quarters has at present managed to elude capture. It is absolutely impossible for our forces to afford police protection to the villages whose inhabitants, being disarmed, have to choose between obedience to Ottawa or immediate death.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.—Bad news from CANADA for temperance advocates. The Canadian Temperance Option Law, after being in force for three years, has been submitted to the electors in seven counties of the Province of Ontario for renewal, but was rejected in every county by large majorities.—In the UNITED STATES President Cleveland has given his countenance to the movement for presenting France with a statue of General Washington. He has prohibited the shipping of Canadians on United States fishing-vessels, as contrary to the much-discussed "Contract Labour Law."—From CENTRAL AFRICA comes further news of the hostile action of Arab slave-traders against the British missionary stations, and detailed accounts of the Arab attack on the African Lake Company's station at Karouga, Lake Nyassa, where a small force endured a constant fire by night and day for five days, the Arabs only disappearing on the arrival of a relieving force. In retaliation, it was determined to surprise and seize the Arab stockade-village of Kanyole. This was successfully effected, with very little bloodshed, on December 4th.



THE Queen has completed her visit to the Continent, after five weeks' absence from England. Her Majesty has greatly benefited by the change, and is so pleased with Florence and the Florentines that she hopes to repeat her visit before long. The closing days of the Royal stay at Florence were filled by official receptions and farewell visits to the chief sights, the Queen and Princess Beatrice going to the San Marco Museum, San Miniato, the Uffizi Gallery, and the Palazzo Vecchio. The Queens of Wurtemberg and Servia also called on Her Majesty, who subsequently received an English deputation, headed by Sir J. Innes, to present an address from British residents at Florence. Then followed representatives of the works at the Duomo, who presented a history of Santa Maria del Fiore, the Syndic, who offered medals commemorating the inauguration of the new Duomo facade and the Donatello centenary, Signor Emilio Lodi bringing, on behalf of the Florentines, an album with fine views of the city and environs, and, finally, the Municipal Council, whom the Queen cordially thanked for their kindly arrangements during her stay. As a farewell greeting to the British Royal guests, a splendid torchlight procession took place from the Ghetto through the grounds of Villa Palmieri, but unfortunately the heavy rain somewhat spoilt the effect, obliging the Royal party to watch from the windows, instead of coming on to the terrace as intended. Numerous bands of music accompanied the torch-bearers, Venetian lanterns and flags with complimentary inscriptions being also carried, while the English and Italian National Anthems were played alternately, and loud cheers for the Queen were raised before the Villa, where Her Majesty received the leaders of the procession. The Queen also knighted the British Consul-General, Mr. Colnaghi, and left 200l. for the Florence poor. After attending Divine Service in the Villa, Her Majesty and Prince and Princess Henry left Florence on Sunday night amidst enthusiastic farewells from the people who crowded the streets, and official leave-takings from numerous English and the Florentine authorities at the station. The Queen has bought a water-colour drawing, by Mr. Reginald Barratt, of the Strozzi Chapel in Santa Maria Novella, Florence.

The interview with the Emperor of Austria was the chief event of the journey to Germany. Emperor Francis Joseph came specially to Innsbruck to greet the Queen, and though the visit was kept strictly private, the town was decorated in Her Majesty's honour, and crowds thronged the neighbourhood of the station to see the British visitors. Furniture, plate, and cooks had been sent from Vienna to the special Royal pavilion in the station, where no official greeting was allowed, the Emperor alone waiting on the platform and exchanging embraces with the Queen as Her Majesty alighted. Although the Queen had met the Emperor before—at Coburg in 1863—this was the first time Her Majesty had trodden Austrian ground. The Emperor, the Queen, and Prince and Princess Henry lunched together, and Her Majesty later held a reception of the Imperial suite and Innsbruck authorities. The British Royal party then resumed their journey to Munich, where another enthusiastic reception awaited them from the Prince Regent, Queen Marie and the Royal family, and the British Legation. The Queen reached Charlottenburg on Tuesday morning, and was received at the station in a most private manner by the Empress and Imperial family, as her visit was strictly unofficial. The Crown Prince was the first to greet his grandmother, and then the Empress embraced Her Majesty, who was much moved at the meeting. Crowds of people welcomed Her Majesty during her drive to Charlottenburg. Apartments were prepared for Her

Majesty on the first-floor of the Schloss in the wing built by Frederick the Great, the rooms having been thoroughly renovated. These apartments are entered by the Trumpeters' Hall and the Golden Gallery, formerly used for State dinners, and are fourteen in number, closing with the famous Porcelain Room and leading to the chapel and Orangery. The Queen took the earliest opportunity to see the Emperor on Tuesday afternoon, drove into Berlin to see the Empress Augusta, and was called upon by all the Imperial family. In the evening there was a dinner party, at which the Imperial family were present. Wednesday being the Annual Day of Prayer and Repentance, Divine Service was held in the Palace at which Her Majesty, with the chief members of the Imperial Family, were present. Later the Queen received a visit from Prince Bismarck, and in the afternoon the Dowager Empress Augusta arrived on a visit to the Queen. Her Majesty subsequently drove with the Empress into Berlin, took five o'clock tea at the British Embassy, and visited the English Church of St. George. In the evening there was a banquet at Charlottenburg. Her Majesty was to leave for Flushing on Thursday, and cross over to Port Victoria in the *Victoria and Albert*. The Queen will hold Drawing-Rooms on May 9 and 16, and Her Majesty's birthday will be kept officially on May 26.

The Prince and Princess of Wales and their daughters attended Divine Service at Sandringham Church on Sunday morning, where the Rev. H. Smith officiated. Next day the Prince came up to town, and in the evening went to the Smoking Concert of the Amateur Orchestral Society. On Tuesday afternoon the Prince went to the House of Lords. The Prince will hold *Levés* on behalf of the Queen on next Monday, and on May 11th.



THE CONVOCATION OF CANTERBURY re-assembled on Wednesday, when the Upper House condemned the Indian opium traffic. The Bishop of Rochester moved for the appointment of a Joint Committee to report whether any new organisation was required to enable the Church to reach the classes now outside religious ministrations. On Wednesday the motion was agreed to. The Lower House expressed approval of Lord Salisbury's Tithe Rent Charge Bill, disapproval of marriage with a deceased wife's sister, and indulged in an academic discussion on the question of Parliamentary oaths.

THE BISHOP OF DURHAM has been appointed Lady Margaret Preacher at Cambridge.

AT THE ANNUAL MEETING of the East London Church Fund, a resolution, moved by the Bishop of London, wished the Bishop of Bedford as Bishop-designate of Wakefield "God-speed in his new Diocese." The report stated that the present grant-lists were keeping at their posts 162 additional workers, of whom 81 are clergymen, 7 lay-readers and preachers, and 74 deaconesses, mission women, and parish nurses.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON, presiding, on Wednesday, at the twenty-sixth anniversary of the Church of England Temperance Society, said that the tide was rising, and he did not think that many years would pass before they closed the liquor shops of England on Sunday at least.

CARDINAL MANNING and the other English Roman Catholic prelates have issued a protest against the proposal to substitute a secular affirmation for the oath now required from members of Parliament.

THE CITY TEMPLE was crowded on Tuesday afternoon at a special session of the Baptist Union, convened for the express purpose of considering the "down-grade" controversy. The result was a restoration of concord. A resolution was moved in a speech of an "advanced" tendency, by the Rev. Charles Williams, to the effect that additional tests of membership are unnecessary, since the Council of the Union and the Assembly have ample power to deal with the case of any Church or person that may not hold Evangelical sentiments. Mr. Spurgeon's brother, the Rev. J. A. Spurgeon, seconded the motion, though he could not, he said, second the speech of the mover, and its adoption, with only seven dissentients, was followed by loud applause.

AT THE FOURTH MONTHLY MEETING of the Council of the Church of England Burial, Funeral, and Mourning Reform Association it was intimated that the Committees appointed by the Convocations of Canterbury and York to draw up special Services, had been petitioned to consider the advisability of providing a special Service for the burial of the bodies of children.

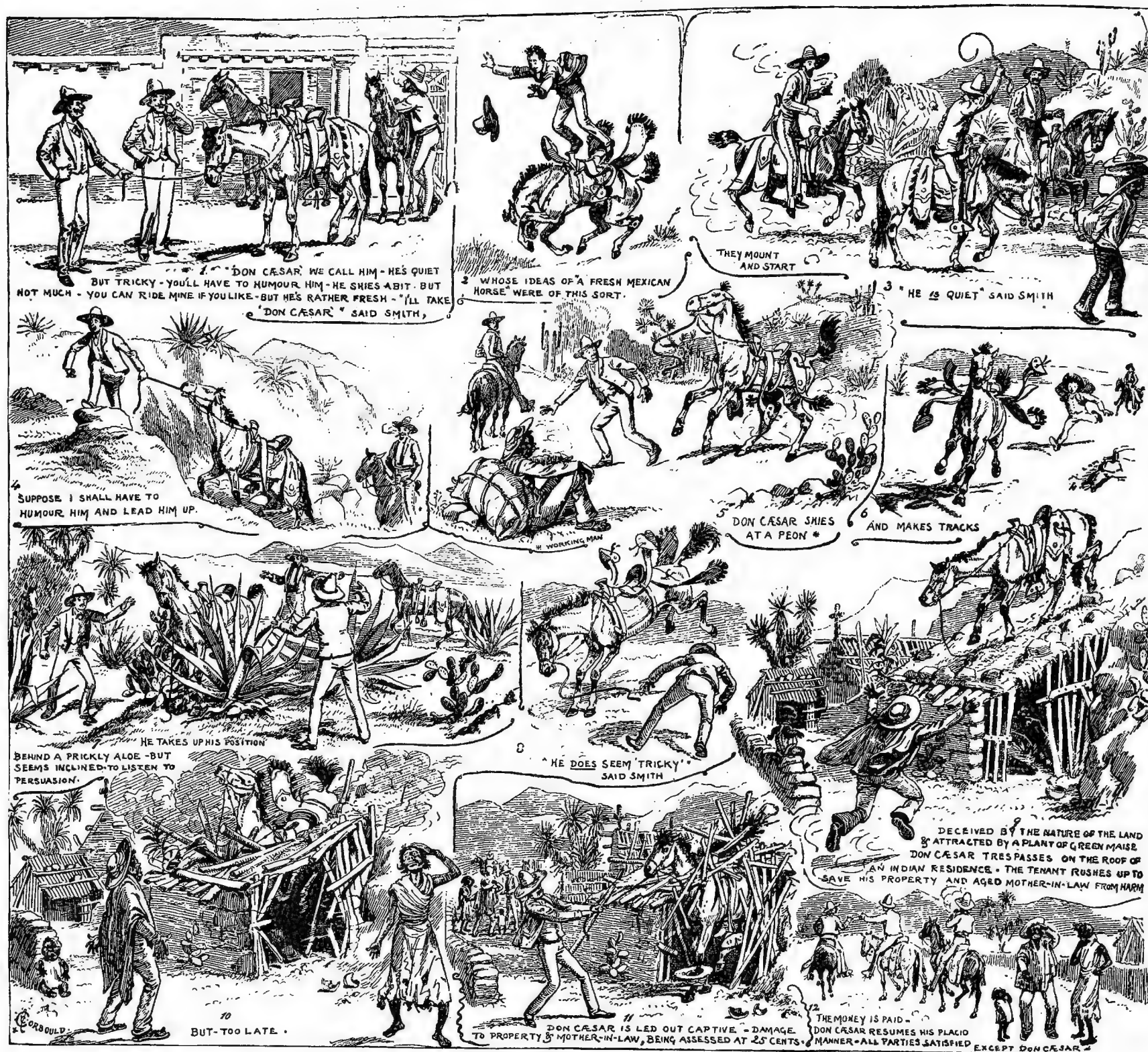


THE TURF.—The only important event on Thursday, last week, the concluding day of the Newmarket Craven Meeting, was the Craven Stakes. As last year, when The Baron's success flattered his Derby backers, there were nine runners. Of these, Orbit started a hot favourite, while, of the rest, Hazlethatch and Anarch carried most money. Orbit ran rather lazily, but, in Tom Cannon's able hands, scored a comparatively easy victory. Cotillon and Frondeuse were second and third respectively. As the result of his victory, Orbit came to a shorter price in the Derby and Two Thousand quotations, for both of which he has been backed at 8 to 1. Friar's Balsam still remains a warm favourite for both events, his price for the Two Thousand, to be run next Wednesday, being at the time of writing 7 to 4 on. Of the other races on the Craven Stakes day little need be said. Lord Hartington had the unwonted sensation of winning a race, his colt by Barcadine—Pomona being successful in the Second Welter Handicap. Lord Durham secured a selling plate with The Jesuit, and the Duke of Beaufort the Twenty-ninth Biennial with Belisarius II.

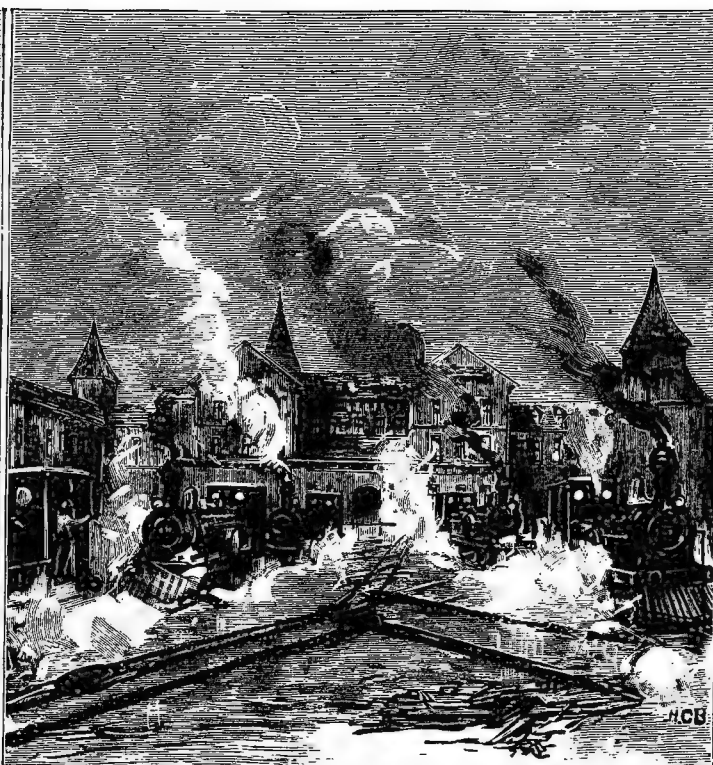
At Croydon, on Friday, Brownie won the Welter Handicap, Amphion the Spring Two-Year-Old Race, Bismarck the Woodside Plate, and Mirror the Welter Race. Peeler won the Great "Well-comers" Handicap on Saturday, and Master Bill the Auction Two-Year-Old Race, while Temora won the Selling Mile Race. On both days great complaints were made of the arrangements, or rather want of arrangements, at Woodside Station, where all the race-goers were obliged to squeeze through one small door, thus affording the pickpockets a fine opportunity, of which they were not slow to take advantage. Rosenallis won a couple of races at the Warwick Meeting, held on Monday and Tuesday, while at Plumpton Kilworth and Halmi were successful in their events, and Butcher showed a fine piece of riding in getting Bonnie Lassie first past the post in the Southover Selling Hunters' Steeplechase after having been dismounted.

The Earl of March has been elected a steward of the Jockey Club in succession to Lord Hastings, retired. Much dissatisfaction has been felt with the decision of the stewards in disqualifying The

The first work to attract attention in the central gallery is Mr. Edwin Bale's small picture of "A Village Inn" by twilight, with a flock of geese in the foreground. It is distinguished by refinement of tone, general harmony of effect, and finished workmanship. We have seen nothing by Mr. W. L. Wyllie more suggestive of bright daylight, or in better keeping, than his sea-coast study, called "Neptune's Garden." Beside it hangs a very small full-length sketch of himself in sixteenth-century costume, by Mr. E. J. Gregory, glowing with rich colour, and painted with breadth and easy mastery. Mr. Gregory's "Marooned," on the opposite wall, is a most elaborately wrought little replica of a picture that has already been exhibited. In a large and very highly-finished drawing Mr. Charles Green has admirably realised Dickens's description of "Mr. Turveydrop's Dancing Academy." It is full of carefully-considered matter, and every part of it will repay close examination. The complacent self-sufficiency of the pompous old professor of deportment who, with his back to the fire, looks with patronising approval on his confiding son, is capitably expressed. The girls of various ages are natural and unaffected; and their friends and relations, seated on the other side of the room, are true types of chaffrons, character. In a picture called "Her Birthday," Mr. J. C. Dollman has depicted with some humour the annoyance of an old beau on horse-back, carrying an enormous bouquet, at finding, on his arrival at a garden gate, a young man waiting for admission. The two horses are remarkably well drawn and painted. "Rip Van Winkle" has furnished Mr. Gordon Browne with the subject of a quaint little picture of eighteenth-century life, called "The Cronies' Club." The men assembled outside a tavern are varied in character and life-like. The picture is well composed, and painted with strength and solidity. Close by this is another excellent example of Mr. H. G. Hine's work, representing "Thirlwall Castle, Northumberland," indistinctly seen through a misty atmosphere by moonlight. Entirely different from this in feeling and method, but equally good in its way, is Mr. Thomas Collier's broadly painted and effective moorland scene, "Under a Welsh Crag." It is as spacious in effect



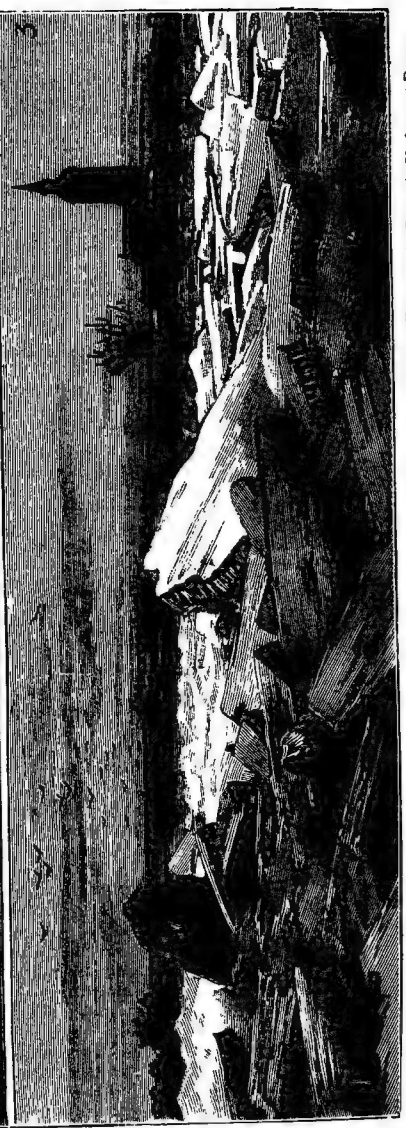
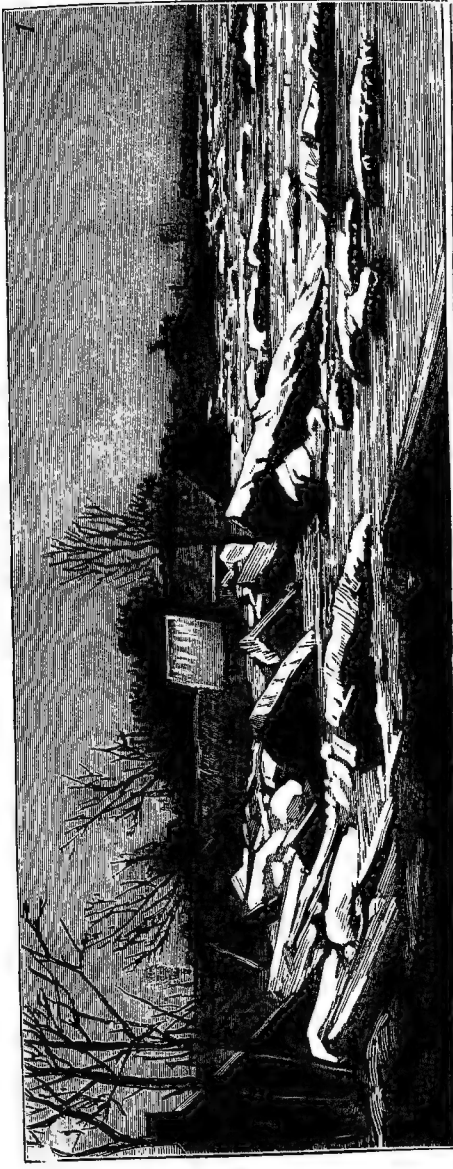
MISADVENTURES IN MEXICO



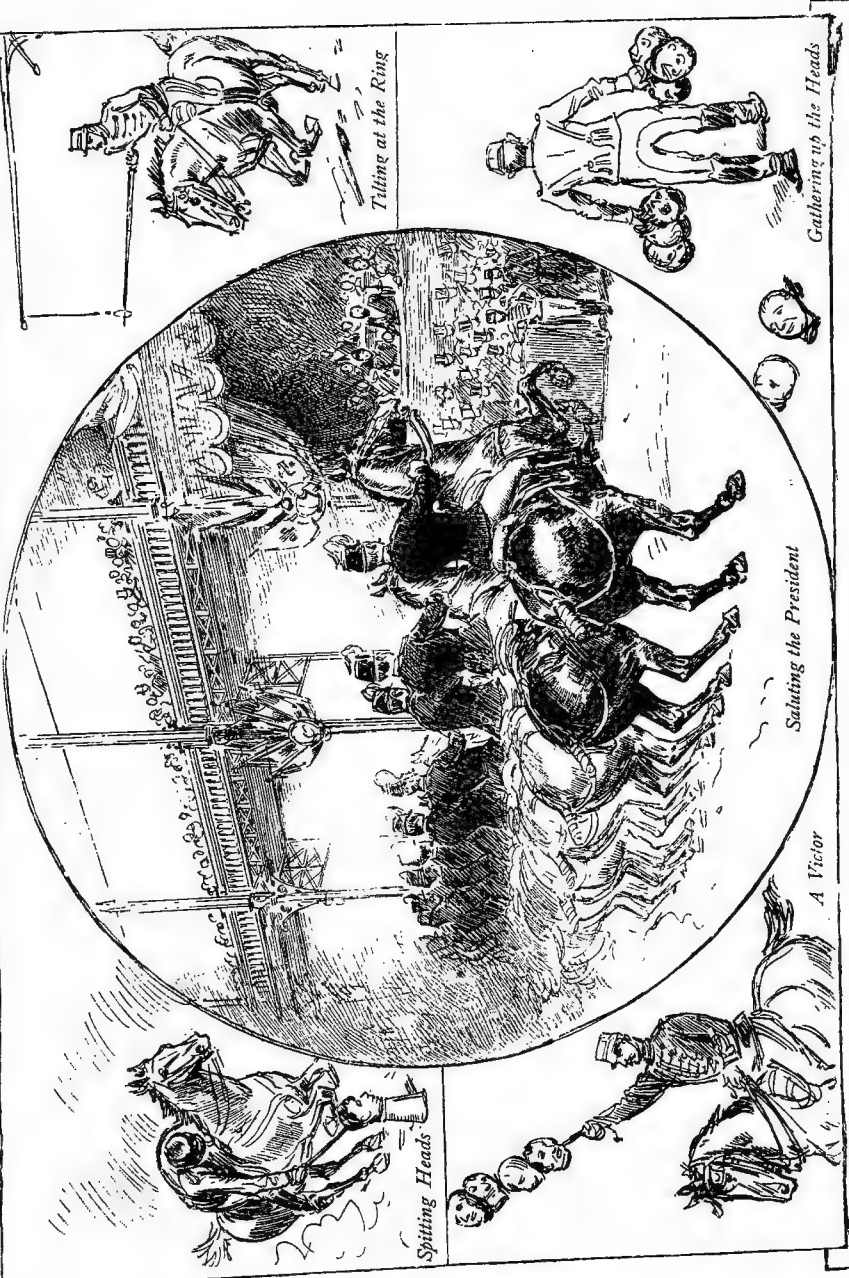
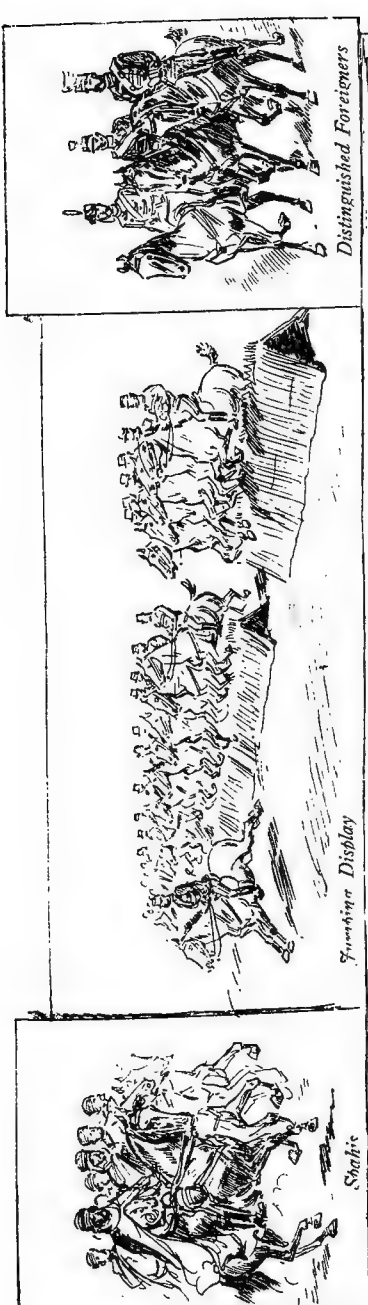
FRONT VIEW OF THE HOTEL, SHOWING THE POSITION FROM WHICH IT HAS BEEN MOVED

BACK VIEW OF THE HOTEL, WITH THE LOCOMOTIVES HAULING ON THE CABLES

MOVING THE BRIGHTON BEACH HOTEL, CONEY ISLAND, NEW YORK, U.S.A.



1. Bursting of a Dam on the Nogat, a Branch of the Vistula 2. The Empress Visiting some of the Sufferers in the Barrack-Shelters at Posen 3. An Ice Dam on the Nogat
THE RECENT DISASTROUS FLOODS IN NORTH-EAST GERMANY
VISIT OF THE EMPRESS VICTORIA TO THE INUNDATED DISTRICTS



MILITARY TOURNAMENT IN THE PALAIS DE L'INDUSTRIE, PARIS
IN AID OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE RELIEF OF THE WOUNDED IN WAR

and as luminous as anything he has produced. Mr. E. M. Wimperis's view on "Sandy Moor, near Brockenhurst," is also vigorously handled, and evidently a faithful transcript of nature. Mr. H. E. Bowman's "Bidford Bridge, Warwickshire," and Mr. George Nattress's "Dunblane Abbey," are excellent landscapes by comparatively unknown painters.

In a large picture by Mr. Frank Dadd, "All is Not Gold that Glitters," a shrewd old dealer in stolen goods is seen deliberately testing a chain, while the two highwaymen who have brought it to him lean over the table and watch his movements with eager anxiety. The incident is depicted with a great deal of dramatic power. The figures have strongly-marked individuality, and are natural and expressive in their gestures. Besides the work already mentioned, Mr. Walter Langley has a small picture of a very aged peasant woman in her cottage home, "The Sunset of Life," strikingly true to nature, subdued in tone, and in excellent keeping. Mr. Hugh Carter's very picturesque "Interior, Braemar," is remarkable for its truthful illumination and grave simplicity of treatment. It is painted with breadth and firmness, and is entirely free from the woolliness of texture to be seen in some of his works.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS

THE exhibition just opened at the Gallery in Pall Mall East will be found quite as good as any that has been seen there for some years. The most able members of the Society, with very few exceptions, are well represented, and there are several attractive works by recently-elected Associates. Mr. Alma-Tadema, who has not exhibited here for some time past, sends an excellent example of his work. It is called "Midday Slumbers," and represents a tall Roman girl holding aside a curtain beyond which a lady is seen sleeping. There is beauty in the maiden's face and spontaneity in her movement. The classical drapery is most artistically treated, and the picture is remarkable besides for its refined beauty of colour and finished workmanship. Sir John Gilbert's large picture representing a routed troop of armed horsemen, and their aged chief, "After the Battle," is too much like many of his previous works to need lengthened notice. There is more freshness and vitality in his "A Spanish Infanta," which at first sight looks very like the work of Velasquez. The little lady caressing a big dog, the attendant women in stiff brocaded dresses, and the pompous chamberlain look as if they belonged to the Court of Philip IV. With remarkable ability Sir John has imitated the style, the colour, the grouping, and even the executive manner of the great Spanish painter.

Mr. Tom Lloyd's "Ferry Boat a-Hoy" is much the best of many idyllic pictures of English rural life by him that have appeared here. On a river's bank, suffused with warm light from the setting sun, many peasants returning from their labours in the fields are assembled. Some of the figures are instinct with natural grace, and they are grouped together with a fine sense of harmony of line. Although it recalls the work of Walker and of Mason by its beauty of composition, and the feeling of pastoral repose that pervades it, the picture shows the distinct individuality of the painter. Mr. A. W. Hunt's "Wind of the Eastern Sea," representing St. Hilda's Abbey by sunset, with a stormy sea indistinctly seen in the gathering gloom, is as poetical in feeling, and as true in aerial effect, as anything he has produced. The most impressive landscape in the collection, and one of the best, is Mr. Albert Goodwin's view of "Lincoln," with the deep red sun sinking in a stormy sky. An air of mystery pervades Mr. Matthew Hale's imaginative landscape, "A City by Moonlight." It has beauty of composition and perfect harmony of lowered-toned colour.

Mr. W. J. Wainwright's "The News Letter" is a solidly-painted study of an old gentleman of the seventeenth century. The head is full of character, and light reflected on it from the paper he is reading most skillfully rendered. Mr. E. K. Johnson's highly-finished little picture of "A Miller's Daughter" is charming by reason of the youthful beauty and innocent expression of the face, and the natural grace of the figure. The picture that Mr. E. J. Poynter calls "Evenings at Home" is a literal and somewhat prosaic representation of a modern drawing-room. The lady who occupies it is quite a subordinate feature in the work. Mr. Poynter also sends a sea-coast study, "The Walls of Old England," in which all the varied stratifications in the foreground rocks are rendered with the most conscientious fidelity. Mr. Carl Haag has a characteristic drawing of an Arab with outstretched arms praying on the desert by sunrise; and Mr. Henry Wallis an elaborately-finished picture of "The Door of a Mosque, Cairo," in which the appearance of bright sunlight on crumbling stonework and picturesque figures is truthfully rendered. Mr. Arthur Melville, one of the recently-elected Associates, shows a great amount of superficial cleverness in a large Oriental picture, "The Snake Charmer." It is rich, but not at all subtle, in colour, broad and effective, and painted with the most facile dexterity in a manner apparently derived from French training.

In Mr. W. Callow's "The Main Street, Innsbruck," and Mr. S. J. Hodson's "Market Place, Dieppe," picturesque localities are very artistically depicted. Mr. Birket Foster's large drawing of "The Market Place, Verona," crowded with figures, is true to local fact, but ill-balanced in light and shade, and rather crude in colour. Of many drawings by Mr. Herbert Marshall, the spacious view of "Dordrecht" and the delicately-toned study of the picturesque fishing village, "Mevagissey," strike us as the best. By Miss Clara Montalba there is a brilliant little sketch of "A Gondola Race," and by Mr. R. W. Allan a fresh and luminous study of "Kirkwall Harbour." Among the remaining works that best deserve attention are Mr. A. Frapp's "Old Mill, Lulworth," Mr. F. Powell's "Evening on the Nith," Mr. David Murray's "Courtyard in Picardy," Mr. H. Moore's "Freshwater Bay," and Mr. Eyre Walker's "The Hush of Evening."



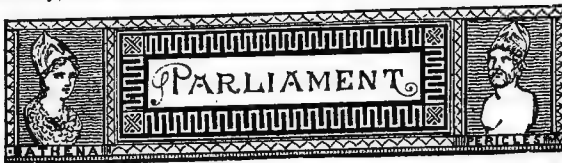
It is announced that Mr. Charles Wyndham has purchased of Mr. Samuel French the rights over the principal comedies of the late Mr. Robertson, and that he contemplates reviving them from and after the beginning of next year at the CRITERION Theatre. Generally speaking, Mr. Wyndham will undertake the parts originally played by Mr. Bancroft.

The Wife's Secret, which has brought neither fame nor profit to the ST. JAMES'S Theatre, was played for the last time on Thursday night. The revival has thus enjoyed a run of only sixteen nights, in spite of its lavish mounting. This (Saturday) evening Mr. and Mrs. Kendal will reappear in *The Ironmaster*.

Mr. Edgar Bruce and Miss Woodworth will succeed Mr. Wilson Barrett at the GLOBE, where they will produce the new play founded on that popular story, "Bootles' Baby." The season of Mr. Wilson Barrett, who has revived *The Silver King* for a few nights, will terminate on the 5th of May.

Miss Grace Hawthorne's tenancy of the PRINCESS'S Theatre is understood to be drawing to a close. Her successor will probably be Mr. Willard, who is ambitious of distinguishing himself as a manager as well as an actor, and who has a new romantic play ready for production.

The *Union Jack* at the ADELPHI, in spite of statements to the contrary, will not, we are informed, be produced before the autumn.



THE second reading of the Local Government Bill was carried without a division, cheers from both sides of the House welcoming this substantial progress with the main business of the Session. This stage was reached on Friday in last week, but not till after one of those little incursions which remind Ministers that the spirit of revolt is not dead, and not even soundly sleeping. Friday is, or was, in what Sir William Harcourt called the golden age of Parliamentary life, a private members' night. It is usual for Committee of Supply to be put down, whereupon members table amendments raising all kinds of questions. In order to conclude the long debate on the second reading of the Local Government Bill, Mr. Smith proposed to appropriate the whole of Friday. It was from the Conservative side that opposition came, Mr. Bartley protesting in the name of the long-suffering private members. Mr. Labouchere eagerly joined in the attack on Ministerial arrangements. But there was no heart in the fight, and after a few words from Mr. Gladstone, deprecating continuance of the conversation, it died away, and the debate on the Bill was renewed.

Mr. Jesse Collings continued the discussion. But Mr. Collings, with many endearing qualities, is not precisely the kind of speaker that commands a listening Senate, and the House rapidly emptied. After dinner, Sir William Harcourt changed the scene. The empty benches filled up, and the languid assembly, gasping on the point of dissolution, suddenly became inspired with animation.

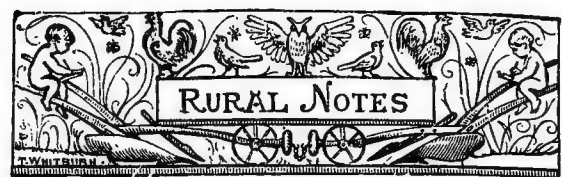
This did not arise from the fact that Sir William Harcourt had anything particularly useful or informing to say about the Local Government Bill. Mr. Rathbone and Mr. Stansfeld had filled that rôle with the effect of emptying the House. Sir William Harcourt began with a lively personal attack upon Mr. Chamberlain, and the House, after its manner, gratefully welcomed this deliverance from the thrall of business debate. Mr. Chamberlain did not happen to be present. But Sir William's superabundant animation made successful head against what might otherwise have proved a fatal lack of completion in the accessories. The House was crowded. Cheers and counter-cheers followed each practised thrust of Sir William's double-edged sword, which sometimes chances to draw blood from the friends whose cause he has espoused. Mr. Goschen followed, and there was some expectation of a duel between the two former colleagues. But after a home-thrust at Sir William Harcourt, who had congratulated the House on the almost absolute absence of party feeling in the debate, and who had taken somewhat curious means of preserving the continuity of this characteristic, Mr. Goschen seriously applied himself to consideration of the Bill, and was rewarded by finding the benches empty once more.

On Monday, the Local Government Bill being temporarily cleared out of the way, the Budget Bill came up for second reading, and Mr. Gladstone opened upon it the fire of his heaviest artillery. Once more, a noteworthy circumstance in these times, the benches were crowded, the side gallery facing the Treasury Bench presenting the rare aspect of a double line of eager listeners. Mr. Gladstone was in fine form, and delivered a speech which, dealing with an intricate and technical matter, was a model of lucidity and force. He seemed thoroughly to enjoy the return to the familiar pastures of financial debate. So abundant were his resources, and so tireless his energy, that his famous "three courses" blossomed into "five points." But they were all from slightly different points of view, directed against what, according to Mr. Gladstone, is the fatal defect in the Budget Scheme, namely, that it is unduly tender in its dealing with reality, making up consequent deficiencies in taxation by imposts upon personality.

This speech made a manifest impression upon the House, and there was much talk afterwards as to how it would affect the vote of the Liberal Unionists. Mr. Gladstone had made a personal reference to Lord Hartington, and had, as the triumphant cheers of the Opposition seemed to testify, fixed the noble lord in a cleft stick. In the last Budget framed by Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet in 1885 the very principle embodied in Mr. Gladstone's amendment of Monday was adopted. It was a leading proposal of the scheme more equally to divide the burden of taxation between reality and personality. Lord Hartington was a member of the Cabinet—had of course approved the financial scheme, and had in fact gone out of office upon it. What would he do now? If he stood by his principles of 1885 and voted against a Budget which was in direct opposition thereto, the Government, whose existence depends upon the Liberal Unionist vote, would be in dire peril. If Lord Hartington took the middle course of abstaining from voting, the division would be a narrow one. Lord Hartington, with something of an embarrassed air, but with no ambiguity of phrase, admitted the soft impeachment of 1885, but roundly declared that he would stand by the Government. This he did, and in the result the Ministry, instead of having a lessened majority, came nearer their normal figure of 100 than they have done since the Session opened.

On Tuesday and Wednesday Ireland claimed the House of Commons for its own, and succeeded in occupying both sittings. Tuesday was a private members' night, and Mr. William McArthur had got the first place with a motion calling attention to the operation of the liquor traffic in native States subject to the British Crown. But as soon as questions were over Mr. Justin McCarthy, in the absence of the more truculent leaders of the Irish party, moved the adjournment, in order to discuss a matter of urgent public importance—to wit, the practice prevailing in Ireland of increasing sentences on appeal under the Coercion Act. The debate opened quietly enough, but gradually deepened in intensity, and finally took its position as the most acrimonious wrangle of the present Session. Gentlemen on the Front Opposition Bench had not risen to support the demand for leave to discuss the question, and it seemed for a long time as if they would be content to leave the debate in irresponsible hands. But Mr. Gladstone, intently listening, was gradually worked up into a state of uncontrollable excitement, and finally rose, denouncing in heated language "this violent and odious inequality," introduced into Ireland without one single instance to support it drawn from practice in Great Britain. The Attorney-General replied in a speech equally uncompromising in its language. The motion for adjournment was negatived by 219 votes against 165.

On Wednesday, one of the illimitable series of attempts to legislate for Ireland was originated from the Irish camp. Mr. Carew moved the second reading of a Bill designed to extend some of the principles of the English Local Government Bill to Ireland. The debate for some hours took the ordinary course, Mr. Gladstone and the Liberal Opposition mustering in support of the Bill. Towards the end of the sitting a new turn was given by a remarkable speech from Lord Randolph Churchill, who declared the Government pledged in 1886 to deal with the question of Local Government in Ireland, and that for his part he would stand by his pledge. Mr. Chamberlain announced that he would vote against the Bill, but only on the understanding that the speech of Mr. Balfour was not to be regarded as meaning an indefinite postponement of the question. On a division the Bill was thrown out by 282 votes against 195.



THE SEASON.—The month now drawing to a close has done its best to supply the deficiencies of rainfall left by February and March drought. It will be the fault of landowners and farmers if there is no storage made of the superabundant moisture which has washed the streets and flooded the fields during the past three weeks. We are sorry to say that a good deal of spring sowing remains unaccomplished, and that the season is about a month behind-hand. At the "Japanese" private view of April 14th, the little twigs of almond blossom handed to the visitors were for the most part the first they had seen, yet we have ourselves seen London almond trees in full flower on February 23rd in a comparatively recent year. About the middle of March is the average date. The summer birds, however, have begun to arrive. The swallow was seen on April 14th at Swanage, in Dorsetshire, a place at which the returning hirundines often first meet English soil. On the following day a swallow was seen at Horsham, and also at Worthing. On the 17th, swallows were observed in Kent, at Dover, and also at Hawkhurst, while within the last few days they have been noticed round London. The martin was seen at Manningtree on April 16th, the chiffchaff has now been with us for nearly a fortnight, and so has the redstart. The cuckoo's messenger has been seen at Hawkhurst and at Worthing, while the cuckoo is alleged to have been heard in various parts of Sussex and Kent. The garden warbler was seen by Mr. A. H. Macpherson in Kensington Gardens on April 16th. It is to be feared that these early arrivals will find very little food or shelter. The wheat plant will hardly hide a mouse, the trees and hedges are still wonderfully bare. An observer in Cornwall writes:—"My pheasants only commenced laying on April 12th, as against March 29th last year, which was itself a very backward season."

CATTLE.—A recent sale of cattle at Hereford has attracted some attention by reason of the excellent prices realised all round for bulls and cows, for yearlings, as well as for full-grown stock. The stock were all of the well-known Hereford breed, and the continued favour with which that race is regarded by foreign as well as English buyers must be very gratifying to our West-country friends. There has also been a good sale of shorthorns at Thicket Priory, near York. The bulls were especially well sold. Another sale at Dringhouses, also near York, was also successful, despite atrocious weather, culminating in a severe thunderstorm. Young shorthorn bulls seem to be in growing request, and the contemporaneous success of sales of our two leading breeds starts the spring season with a very fair promise.

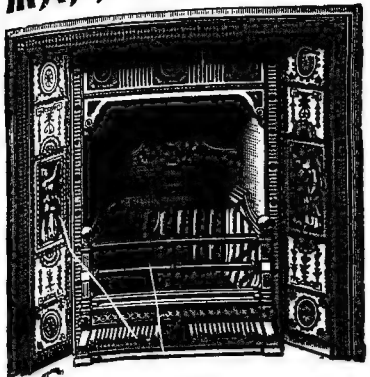
IRELAND, so we hear, has fared better than most other countries in the way of weather during the past winter. There has been much less snow than in either Scotland or England, and the frost has not been severe. Very few sheep and lambs have been lost, and spring sowing has been proceeding steadily, ever since March. Farm work is now well advanced. The land was turned up in excellent condition after the abundant sunshine of last summer, and a fine seed-bed has been obtained. The area of potatoes planted is said by competent observers to be larger than ever. The Champion variety, which for several seasons gave excellent returns in Ireland, has lost favour through damage by disease, and this spring various other varieties have been tried. The good prices just noted at English stock sales have also occurred in Ireland. Store cattle were bought in cheaply at the end of the grazing season, and with a slight advance in the price of beef, feeders have been obtaining a capital return for their winter's keep.

HEREFORDSHIRE.—A Hereford correspondent writes: "On April 15th we had the first appearance of swallows and sandmartins. This is the same date as in 1885, but two days later than last year. On the 19th, a wheatear, and I was informed a meadow pipit, had also been seen near Hereford. Crossbills were rather numerous near Brecon all the winter up to March, and scaupducks have been seen very far inland. I shot one on Llangorse Lake on January 24th. On February 8th, a large flock of probably nearly a hundred brimblings appeared, in company with chaffinches and linnets, feeding on the stubbles. Siskins were unusually numerous during the winter, frequenting the alder and larch plantations. The cuckoo was heard on April 13th at Tupsley, and swallows were seen skimming over the Wye last Sunday. The same day I heard the chiffchaff in full song in Dinedor Wood. A hoopoe has been seen near Kenderchurch."

FARM PRODUCE is now selling a little better than was the case a month ago. Wheat is in better request, and fetches about 1s. more money; and fine barley for sowing has been actively inquired after at a good price. Oats remain extremely cheap, but beans and peas have followed the two leading staples, and have picked up slightly in value. Fowls—an important branch of modern farming—are now yielding well, and the big towns present an almost unlimited demand for new-laid eggs at a moderate price. The business in milk and butter has been a little better than formerly. At the Metropolitan Meat Market of Monday a large supply of beef and mutton failed to weaken business; on the contrary, trade was described in the market circulars as "improved all round."

KENT.—Amid signs of improvement, and even of prosperity, in the agricultural part of Kent which borders on the metropolis, it is discouraging to learn that in Mid and East Kent the depression seems rather to deepen than heighten. In the Weald a great breadth of land is being laid down to grass, and the population of more than one village has been decreased by some hundreds. In the neighbourhood of Frittenden and Marden there are at least twelve farms, each about 100 acres in extent, to let, owing to the tenants giving notice to leave. The very handy size of these farms renders their becoming vacant a peculiarly bad sign. What must be the letting chances of big and unwieldy holdings? Rents in Mid and East Kent have been often reduced to the extent of one-third of the former amount, and it is said that almost all the large landowners have farms on hand. It is also stated that the quantity of hops still unsold in Kent and Sussex is extraordinarily large. It is not so much the low prices as the want of purchasers at any price.

FRUIT GROWING.—Mr. Tallerman has just been delivering a most useful address to the farmers of Kent at Canterbury. The technical character of much of his observations, while preventing quotation, did not rob the address of value to practical men; on the contrary, it was a most spirited attempt to grapple with the real difficulty of the day, namely, how to compete with the foreign fruit now poured into England, to the injury of our agriculturists. "The Americans, our most formidable competitors," said Mr. Tallerman, "recognised, and advantageously put into practice, two golden principles unknown to the farmers of this country. The first was, that the nearer their packages of produce were to the requirements of the consumer, the less number of middlemen and handling was required in its distribution. The second was, that by properly and effectively classifying the contents of their packages, he was in a position to reach distant and unknown purchasers for his produce, who could buy by a known description, whereas, if it was packed in a general and promiscuous manner, it must go to an adjacent market, where the sale was limited to those who could attend it." There is much truth in these remarks.

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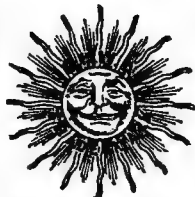
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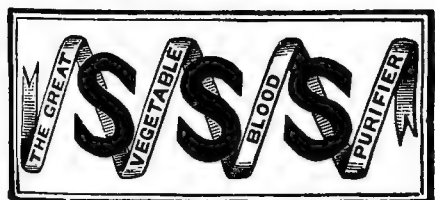
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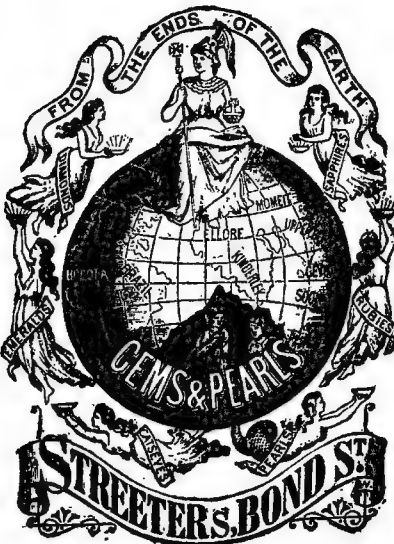
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WHAT IS KNOWN ABOUT SHAKESPEARE

BY THOMAS ARCHER.—IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.



COAT-OF-ARMS

Granted to Shakespeare's father in 1569 and confirmed on October 20, 1596

AT IRREGULAR INTERVALS

we are sure to find public attention more or less excited by one of those discussions each of which has for many years past been periodically described as a "Shakespeare Controversy," wherein disputants on both sides display

an ardour, not to say an asperity, only equalled by that of theological combatants.

We have lately observed symptoms of an attempted revival of one of the more acrimonious of these disputations, and should it follow the usual course, we may expect to witness the efforts of a number of amiable enthusiasts to alleviate outraged loyalty by another "Shakespeare Celebration," including a pilgrimage (by railway) to Stratford-upon-Avon; a visit to Shakespeare's house, and all the interesting localities associated with the home life of the great dramatist; a limited acquisition of Shakespearian relics, of which there may be found on the spot a supply as inexhaustible as those of the field of Waterloo; a great banquet followed by orations, in which the usual changes will be rung on "the Bard," "the Swan," and "the Poet," who—ladies and gentlemen—"was not for an age, but for all time;" and probably a performance of one of the authentic historical plays at the Stratford-upon-Avon Theatre.

It might perhaps answer the same purpose, and would certainly give variety to the proceedings, if the celebrants would confine their demonstration to London, and, bearing in view an evening banquet at one of the large hotels which have superseded the ancient inns or the festive attraction of the "Mermaid," the "Devil," or the "Boar's-head Tavern" in Eastcheap, make a solemn procession (after the manner of the obsolete parochial custom of "beating the bounds") to St. Saviour's Church, Southwark, to the site of the Globe Theatre, to the "Wardrobe" at Blackfriars, and thence to Great Saint Helen's, Bishopsgate, the site of the "Fortune," in Cripplegate, and (if it can now be discovered) to that of the "Curtain," in what was once Holywell Street, Shoreditch.

Having done this, and called, on the way back, at the Guildhall Museum to look at the deed of conveyance of the bard's Blackfriars property, and at the British Museum to inspect the autograph to the mortgage, the enthusiastic pilgrims will be quite ready for their dinner before going to Drury Lane Theatre to see Mr. Irving and Mr. Wilson Barrett in *The Comedy of Errors*.

But apart from controversies and celebrations—in fact, we might almost say in spite of them—there has always existed a well-founded popular recognition of the claims of William Shakespeare, of Stratford-upon-Avon, as the greatest of English dramatists, and one of the greatest of English poets. Passages from his plays have grown into the English language—have become aphorisms "familiar in our mouths as household words." We use his apt, pungent phrases for illustration when we would be witty; his solemn, pathetic language when we would appear to be wise. His tender, beautiful metaphors, and strong sympathetic references to human hopes, fears, and sentiments come next to the words of sacred Scripture to our thoughts when we are stirred by strong emotion, and it frequently happens that words from a drama of the robust and reverent writer of "stage plays" are quoted even by devout people as those of Holy Writ, while it is not uncommon for a text of the poetical or epigrammatic portions of Scripture to be attributed to Shakespeare.

When thinking of the wondrous genius of the poet we are most of us ready to say as Milton said in speaking of Shakespeare:—

Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou, in our wonder and astonishment,
Hast built thyself a hive-long monument.

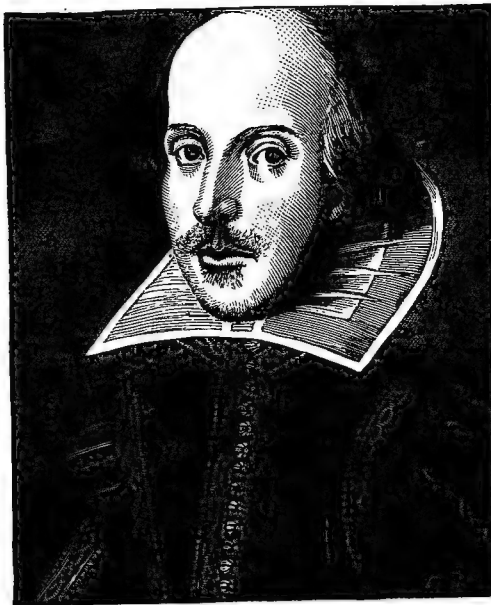
And yet we have, as it were, some sense of the living personality of Shakespeare as associated with his plays. We can see him amidst the wit-combatants at the "Mermaid," and we think of him as Ben Jonson thought—who was his boon companion and admiring friend—and spoke of him as "Sweet Will" and "My Shakespeare," as well as eulogising him in the lines which say:—



VIEW OF THE HOUSE IN WHICH SHAKESPEARE WAS BORN, HENLEY STREET, STRATFORD-UPON-AVON

With Garrick's "Shakespeare Jubilee" Procession, September 6, 1769

How far thou did'st our Lyly outshine
Or sporting Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty line.
And though thou had'st small Latin and less Greek,
From thence to honour thee I will not seek
For names: but call forth thundering Æschylus,
Euripides, and Sophocles to us,
Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova, dead
To live again, to hear thy buskin tread
And shake a stage; or, when thy socks were on,
Leave thee alone for the companion
Of all that insolent Greece and haughty Rome
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
Triumph, my Britain! Thou hast one to show
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not for an age, but for all time!
And all the Muses still were in their prime
When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm.
Nature herself was proud of his designs,
And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines.



PORTRAIT OF SHAKESPEARE FROM THE FIRST FOLIO EDITION OF HIS PLAYS

As Engraved by Droeshout, 1623

There is something characteristic in big Ben's allusion to the small Latin and less Greek possessed by the friend whom he loved "only on this side idolatry," for Ben was a great classic scholar, and had brought from the University the list of names that appear in his lines; and he may well have found the opportunity of showing his own acquirements irresistible, and at the same time have thought but little of the amount of classical knowledge possessed by the man whose early instructions had been those of the Grammar School of Stratford-upon-Avon.

It is at the first glance remarkable that, though striking references to Shakespeare, and to his acknowledged eminence as playwright and poet, were made by his contemporaries and by distinguished writers who succeeded them, more recent popular notions concerning his personal history should have been founded mostly on vague stories, or gossiping and untrustworthy traditions, some of them adopted from supposed references in his own plays to his early experiences. It has been insisted on that he was a ne'er-do-well, a reckless, wild spark, addicted to deer-stealing, to haunting taverns, and to writing scurrilous verses, and that having fled to London to avoid the consequences of his escapades, he gained a precarious livelihood by holding the horses of visitors who went to witness the performances at the theatres on Bankside, that he afterwards obtained a footing on the stage as a supernumerary actor, and that during this time of penury he either had, in his pocket, so to speak, one or more of the marvellous dramas which were afterwards to make his transcendent genius known to the world, or that the real writer of those inimitable productions induced him to pretend to be their author, and to keep up the fiction for the remainder of his life. That he rose to fame from a low estate, and sordid, if not actually vicious surroundings, has almost always been taken for granted even by some of his most enthusiastic admirers, and it is easy to perceive that these supposed circumstances enhanced the estimate which was formed of his



CHARLECOTE HALL, THE SEAT OF SIR THOMAS LUCY
As it was in Shakespeare's time

extraordinary ability, by those who, like Dr. Johnson, accepted with little question the gossip of Aubrey, endorsed with some additions by later anecdotists or commentators.

It is of course to be regretted that there exists nothing that can be said to be an authentic biographical sketch of Shakespeare. In his day there was little contemporary biography. Only persons of distinction in the State, or having associations with great men or events, had their lives written: the "interviewer" had not been discovered or invented, and there were no newspapers in which, by artfully concocted paragraphs of personal intelligence, the name of an eminent author or actor was kept before the public, and his fame enhanced by means of small-beer chronicles of his daily life.

It may be said that the conditions by which a man can achieve the kind of reputation which consists in being extensively advertised scarcely existed in Shakespeare's time; and that testimonials and complimentary banquets to eminent dramatists and players had scarcely been thought of, but there are evidences that Shakespeare was satisfied to keep the even tenour of his way without seeking to establish his fame by contemporary "notices." It would appear from all that we can gather of his history that he came to London to try his fortune at the theatres. Stratford-upon-Avon had, during his childhood, been frequently visited by companies of players, who were held in much repute there, and were usually engaged by the authorities of the town to perform in the Town Hall, or some convenient building, for the amusement of the inhabitants. It may be remembered, too, that not Shakespeare alone, but Burbage, Greene, and one or two other well-known actors with whom he was associated, were also Stratford men, and had already begun to prosper fairly well before Shakespeare, with his growing marvellous faculty of taking some brief old skeleton of a story and making it into a powerful living drama, full of human interest, sought to find such work to do in London for the purpose of maintaining his young family at Stratford. He was not an immediate success. He had been for some five or six years at work before he achieved his purpose, and acquired money enough to retire to the place of his birth, after having purchased one of the best houses in the town, and enough property in adjoining parishes to make him a person of some importance.

That much we may take to be pretty clearly shown by actual evidence, and it is equally certain that though he established his fame among those of his contemporaries who were not envious of his success, he did not overdo it. While he was mingling in the "War of Wits," and made good his claims to be regarded as an associate of "men of light and leading" in the Court of Queen Elizabeth, he seems to have kept in mind his determination to return to the place of his birth, there to end his days, amidst the peace and rest of family life. He was then a shareholder with Burbage in the Globe Theatre, and made frequent journeys to Stratford. He had achieved much of his greatest work before Spenser died, and, like Spenser, had succeeded in rescuing English drama and poetry from the trivialities of the Italian writers whose stories were becoming popular, and against whom Spenser had raised the English standard which had been handed down by Chaucer.

In "Colin Clout's Come Home Again," where Spenser's shepherd describes Elizabeth and the famous personages of the Court, the poet does not forget Shakespeare.



THE OLD GLOBE THEATRE, BANKSIDE, SOUTHWARK

Of which Shakespeare was part Lessee and where many of his Plays were produced



A DUMB-SHOW IN THE TIME OF SHAKESPEARE

From a Painting on Wood, representing a masque at Sir Henry Upton's Wedding

And there, though last, not least is Aetion,
A gentler shepherd may nowhere be found,
Whose Muse, full of high thought's invention,
Does like himself heroically sound.

It is to be noted that Shakespeare was spoken of by men of such different mental constitution as Jonson and Spenser as "gentle," and though it may be remarked that the word then often signified "well-born" or "well-mannered," it seems to have been also intended to express the meaning which we now attach to it.

In this wider and deeper significance it indicates the fine and tender sentiment which pervaded the conceptions of his vast and varied imagination, and enabled him to resolve into subtle harmony the apparent discords of womanly nature. Diverse in character as they are in form and feature, the heroines of Shakespeare's dramas think and speak and act as women. The wife of Macbeth appalled by a sleepless conscience; poor Ophelia singing her death song; the piquant, wayward, large-hearted Beatrice; the "Serpent of Old Nile;" Portia of Venice, and Portia the wife of Brutus, are real to us for that reason. They outlive the centuries, and are still the theme of poetry, eloquence, and song. Their counterfeit presentments look down upon us from the canvas in past schools of painting, and it is only repeating the expression of general gratification to record that "The Graphic Gallery of Shakespeare's Heroines," which has been opened in Brook Street, New Bond Street, by the proprietors of this journal to exhibit a series of paintings specially contributed by several of the most

nation, and is usually accepted as the likeness of "The Bard," and has a very complete pedigree, supported by documentary evidence, in many respects less satisfactory than the engraving which was prefixed to the folio edition of Shakespeare's works published in 1623. This portrait, which was the work of Martin Droeshout, has, at all events, something in common with the bust of the poet in Stratford Church, making allowance for the necessary differences between a print and a coloured bust, and considering also that Droeshout is said to have taken the likeness when Shakespeare was "in character," or, at all events, in the dress in which he had played an old man.

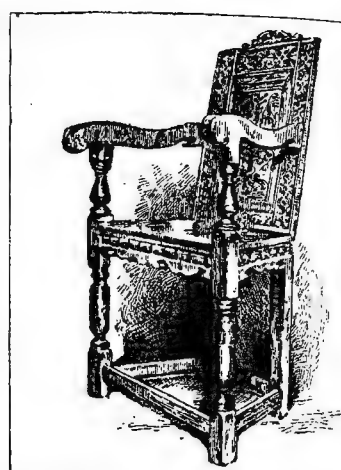
But the important authentication of this engraved portrait is to be seen in the verse which was written by Ben Jonson to be printed under it, as it stood in the First folio, in the place where we now place the frontispiece. The verse was signed "B. J.," and has been reprinted in Ben Jonson's works:—

TO THE READER

This figure that thou here seest put,
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut;
Wherein the graver had a strife
With Nature to outdo the life.
Oh! could he but have drawn his wit
As well in brass as he hath hit
His face; the print would then surpass
All that was ever writ in brass;
But since he cannot, Reader, look
Not on his picture, but his Booke.

were granted, was Bailiff of Stratford, and called "Master" Shakespeare. The shield, or coat of arms, was not a mere vanity for a man in that position, who had some family tradition, and it is described as "Gould on a bend sable, and a speare of the first, the point steeld proper; and his crest or cognisance, a falcon, his wings displayed argent, standing on a wrethe of his coullors, supporting a speare gould, steel as aforesaid, set upon a helmet with mantells and tassells."

We know, too, that in 1577 John Shakespeare was an Alderman of Stratford, and that he had by that time filled various municipal appointments there. It has been surmised from certain mortgages of property which he made, and from the record of some fines and legal proceedings that he incurred, that he was at about that time in straitened or impoverished circumstances, but there is so little certain in support of this inference that, from the particulars that are known about him, the fact has been disputed, and at one time became a matter of controversy among Shakespearean students. Whether the fortunes of the father had failed and his property seriously diminished or not, we shall find that his son William Shakespeare came to London with the determination to exercise his art as a player and his genius as a dramatist for the purpose of maintaining his own family, and of restoring the name and fortunes of the Shakespeares of Stratford-upon-Avon. He succeeded not only in establishing a fame which has become world-wide and imperishable, but in acquiring property sufficient for more than a merely comfortable maintenance when he retired to his native place. Possibly it was because he united the avocations of manager or active shareholder in theatres where he had appeared upon the stage, and where his dramas were performed, that he achieved the larger part of his material prosperity. To return to John Shakespeare, we know that in 1552 he was living in Henley Street. Four years later the copyholds of another house in Henley Street and of one in Greenhill Street were assigned to him, and in 1557 he married Mary, the youngest daughter of Robert Arden, of Wilcote, "husbandman," but though called "husbandman," or farmer, a man also entitled to bear the arms of one of the most ancient families in England, with a pedigree which Dugdale traces, without a break, up to the time of Edward the Confessor, the ancestor at the time of the Normans being Torchil Arden or De



CHAIR IN THE SHAKESPEARE MUSEUM
Said to be that used by Shakespeare at the convivial meetings at Bidford, near Stratford-on-Avon



GOLD SIGNET RING
Said to have belonged to Shakespeare. Found in a field near the Churchyard, Stratford-on-Avon

*unforgotten sufferings after my death and
will be remembered in good of good works
in Lane John Hall and my daughter
for I am a man of good works and I give my
husband I do what I can for my
in God's good to be remembered for ever. I
will a public good to be my last
and I am a man of good works and I give my
youngest son about 1500.*

287. Mr William Shakespeare

FACSIMILE OF PART OF NINE LINES AT THE END OF SHAKESPEARE'S WILL, WITH HIS SIGNATURE

eminent living painters, is acknowledged to be a proof, not only of the vitality of British Art, but also of the truthfulness and insight which now, more than at any former period, assimilate it to the genius of Shakespeare.

It has already been said that while we know too little about the circumstances of Shakespeare's life, popular curiosity has been mostly contented to take upon trust the inventions or misrepresentations of gossip-mongers, of whom there were some incorrigible samples at the period when the printed plays were more commonly read and discussed.

Without going very deeply into the rather voluminous literature of Shakespearean researches, however, a considerable amount of information has been accumulated concerning him and his family, and their unbroken association with the place of his birth and death.

When we desire to know with certainty what was the personal appearance of Shakespeare we are confronted at first with a difficulty in assimilating the several portraits which have been brought forward as authentic representations of him, but even here a little inquiry, aided by some references to his contemporaries, pretty well establishes his identity. To enter into a description of the six or seven portraits which are said to be those of the great dramatist would be tedious, as each of them has some sort of pedigree, but it may be recorded that the "Chandos" portrait, which belongs to the

There are many examples of the testimony borne to Shakespeare's genius by contemporary or immediately succeeding poets, but in reference to his personal appearance it is interesting to note that he is spoken of (to quote Aubrey) as "a handsome, well-shaped man," and the late Mr. Charles Knight, quoting Mr. Campbell, observes that if there was any truth in the tradition that Shakespeare played the Ghost in *Hamlet*, this would, at all events, be a proof that he had a fine and dignified presence. In 1611 John Davies wrote some complimentary verse "To our English Terence, Mr. William Shakespeare," in which he says:—

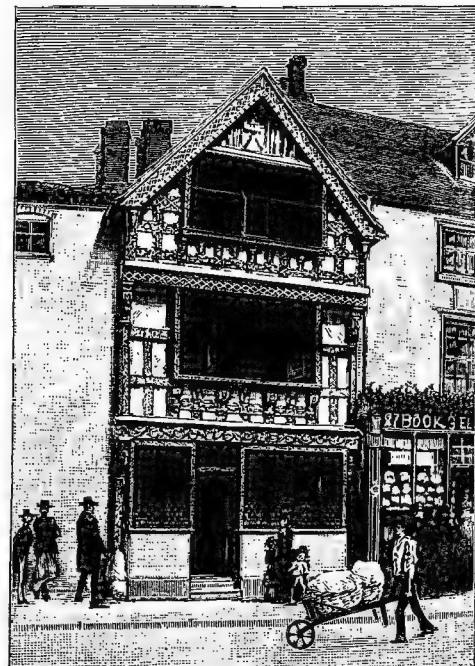
Some way, good Will, which I in sport do sing,
Had'st thou not played some *kingly parts* in sport,
Thou had'st been a companion for a king,
And been a king among the meaner sort.

The testimony of his admiring and loving friends followed him after he had left the stage, both of the drama and of the world, but it is not certain who wrote the rather poor verse beneath the bust in the church, or the Latin verse in memory of Shakespeare's wife, the beautiful Anne Hathaway, who survived him some years. Perhaps Dr. Hall, the husband of Susannah, the eldest daughter, whose affection for her mother is referred to, supplied both verses.

While accumulating in a gossiping manner the numerous direct and indirect evidences of the manner of man that Shakespeare was, and of his social and family life, one is reminded of what Stevens said:—"All that is known with any degree of certainty concerning Shakespeare is—that he was born at Stratford-upon-Avon—married, and had children there—went to London where he commenced actor, and wrote poems and plays—returned to Stratford, made his will, died, and was buried."

This is true so far as it goes, and the same formula might be applied to other men famous for what they have achieved in the world's history; but the addition of particulars, the amplification by means of details, may make all the difference in the estimate of what we know about Shakespeare. The plays and poems that he wrote are still a vast inheritance, but, apart from these, we have not only evidence that he was born at Stratford-upon-Avon, but also much concerning the family of his mother, daughter of the Warwickshire yeoman of Wilcote, Robert Arden, who could trace his descent from the oldest family in the county. We know also that his father, John Shakespeare, was of a family whose name was more than traditional in Warwickshire, that John Shakespeare, if not distinguished, was at least a man of good position among his fellow townsmen, and of sufficient dignity to be able to claim, and to have granted to him, to bear a coat of arms, the documents covenanting which say "his parent and late antecessors were for their valiant and faithful services advanced and rewarded of the most prudent Prince Henry VII. of famous memory. . . . Sithence they have continued at these parts in good reputation and credit."

Another such document speaks of "John Shakespeare, now of Stratford-upon-Avon, of the County of Warwick, gentleman," whose "parent and great-grandfather, late antecessor, for his faithful and approved service to the late most prudent Prince King Henry VII. of famous memory, was advanced and rewarded with lands and tenements, given to him in these parts of Warwickshire, where they have continued by some descents in good reputation, and credit." These were the claims recited in the grants confirming the previous grant of arms in 1569, when William Shakespeare was five years old; about the time when John Shakespeare, his father, to whom the arms



OLD ELIZABETHAN HOUSE, HIGH STREET
Showing the Domestic Architecture of the time of Shakespeare

Eardine, an owner of large landed estates in the county, and occupying Warwick Castle as military governor. The name Arden was really the old British word for woody or woodland, and had been assumed by the family at some date immemorial. Robert Arden, great-grandfather to Mary, the wife of John Shakespeare, was third son of Walter Arden, who married Eleanor, daughter of John Hampden, of Buckinghamshire; and this Robert was brother to Sir John Arden, Squire for the Body to Henry VII. His grandson was the Robert Arden, "husbandman," who married Agnes Webbe, and their daughter was the Mary Arden who became the mother of William Shakespeare. Her father had died only a short time before her marriage, and had bequeathed to her property at Wilcote, called Asbies, about fifty-four acres of land and two houses, and interest in some other land at Wilcote, two tenements at Snitterfield, and 6*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* in money.

As we find John Shakespeare the owner of three houses in Stratford with gardens, and one of them with a "croft," or enclosed meadow, and as he is called "yeoman," it is probable that, besides that bequeathed to his wife there and at the Asbies, he had land in cultivation at Snitterfield, which was a Shakespeare parish, or in some other parish not far from the town in which he held office. It would seem that he was engaged, as the old English yeomen were, in the cultivation of land which he rented or purchased, and in 1570 he became tenant under William Clopton (one of the large landholders) of a meadow of fourteen acres, with its appurtenances, called Ingon, for which he paid 8*l.* a year, or equal to about 40*l.* in the present day, so that the "appurtenances" seem to have included either a house or considerable buildings of some kind. In 1575 he bought the freeholds of the two houses in Henley Street, so that there does not seem much reason to suppose that he came to

HEERE LYETH INTERRED THE BODY OF ANNE WIFE
OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE THE
6 DAY OF AUGV: 1623 BEING OF THE AGE OF 67 YEARES.

Vbera tu mater, tu fac, vitam dedisti
Vae mihi pro tanto munere, quod dabo
Quam mallem, amoueat lapidem bonus ang'us
Freat christi corpus, imago tua
Sed nūc vobis valent, venias cito Christo refungat
Claustra hinc tumulo mater et Asbia petet

INSCRIPTION ON THE GRAVESTONE OF SHAKESPEARE'S WIFE,
HOLY TRINITY CHURCH

INDICIO PYLIMI GENIO SOCRATE MARTE MARONEM
TERRA TECTIT POPULI MARITIMUS OLYMPIUS HABET

STAY PASSENGER WHY GOEST THOU BY SO FAST
READ IF THOU CANST WHOM ENGLAND'S DEATH HATH PLAST
WITHIN THIS MONUMENT SHAKESPEARE WITH WHOME
QUICK NATURE DIED WHOSE NAME DOTH DECK Y THOMBE
FOR MORE THEN COSTE SEH ALL Y HE HATH WRITT
LEAVES LIVING ART BUT PAGE TO SERVE HIS WITT

INSCRIPTION ON THE MEMORIAL TABLET TO SHAKESPEARE,
HOLY TRINITY CHURCH

penury. He probably was able to live in a comfortable and respectable manner, though sometimes pushed for money, as many men having large families were, and are; and there can be little doubt that the family resided in Henley Street. In connection with his town business he was denominated "glover," and it is probable that he was interested in the manufacture or supply of the strong gloves that were made and sold at Stratford—perhaps from the skins of his own sheep—for we find he was also called a butcher and a wool-stapler, or wool-merchant; and all this seems to point to the fact that he was a farmer raising sheep and cattle, and engaged in each business in which they were, so to speak, the raw material. It perhaps needed a good deal of energy to keep up a fair position with a family to maintain.

Among the things we do not know are the precise dates of the birth of the children of John Shakespeare, for in these days no register of births was kept, but only that of the date of baptism. As the baptism almost invariably followed on the third day after birth, we may come pretty closely to the actual date, and we find:—"Jone, or Joan, daughter of John Shakespeare, baptised 15th September, 1558." This child appears to have died young, for there is no further record of her, and another child afterwards receives the same name. Margaret was baptised December 2nd, 1562, and died the following year. William, therefore, born in 1564, was the eldest living child, and was baptised on April 26th, so that his birthday has, with common consent, been placed on the 23rd. Gilbert was baptised October 13th, 1566, Joan or Jone (the second of that name), on April 15th, 1569, Anne on September 28th, 1571, Richard on March 11th, 1573-4, and Edmund, May 3rd, 1580.

Of these, only Joan, who lived till 1646—and possibly Gilbert, who was alive in 1609,—appear to have survived William Shakespeare, who died in 1616. Anne died at eight years of age, Richard in 1613, and Edmund, who had come up to London and was known to Alleyn, Henslowe, and the actors, in 1607, died at the age of twenty-seven, and was buried in the church of St. Saviour (St. Mary Overy), Southwark, where his tomb is.

It has always been contended that William Shakespeare was born in the house in Henley Street in which his father lived, and that tradition is supported by an entry in the Court Roll of Stratford, which points to his father having lived there in 1552, twelve years before William's birth. According to an entry in the documents at the Branch Public Record Office, discovered in 1845, he was also living there in 1590, by which time William was a young married man with a family, and had been for about four years in London, where he had engaged himself as one of the company of players at the theatre in Blackfriars, which had been built in 1576, "by James Burbadge" and his "fellows," servants of Dudley, Earl of Leicester at the spot which kept the name of "Playhouse Yard" to the present day.

This James Burbadge, father of the more celebrated Richard Burbadge, Shakespeare's subsequent friend and fellow-actor and manager, was one of a small company licensed under a writ of the Privy Seal as servants of the Earl of Leicester, "to use, exercise, and occupy the art and faculty of playing comedies, tragedies, interludes, stage-plays, and such other like as they have already used and studied, or hereafter shall use and study, as well for the recreation of our beloved subjects as for our solace and pleasure when we shall think good to see them." Such a patent was necessary to protect actors from being arrested or molested by the civil authorities, and especially by the civic authorities, who, in London, were greatly opposed to stage-plays and players under an enactment of the 14th of Elizabeth, "for the punishment of vagabonds and the relief of the poor and impotent," which has been held to be a protective act to distinguish the regularly licensed players and musicians from rogues and vagabonds, many of whom infested the country under the guise of strolling players. The Act was directed

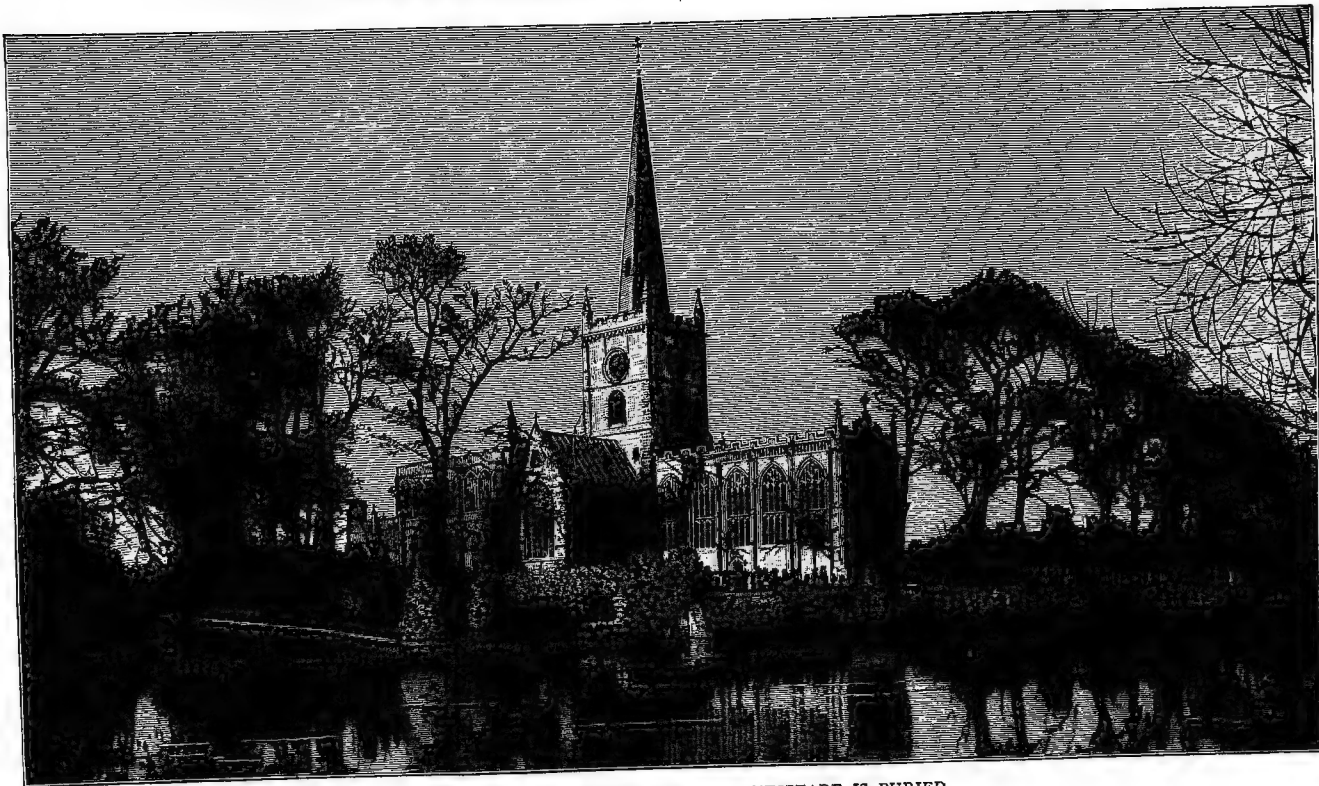
only against those who could "give no reckoning how he or she doth lawfully get his or her living. . . . All fencers, bearwards, common players in interludes, and minstrels not belonging to any baron of this realm, or towards any other honourable personage of greater degree; all jugglers, pedlars, tinkers, and petty chapmen; which said bearwards, common players in interludes, minstrels, jugglers, pedlars, tinkers, and petty chapmen shall wander abroad, and not have license of two Justices of the Peace at the least, whereof one to be of the quorum, where and in what shire they shall happen to wander."

So Burbadge, a Stratford-upon-Avon man, it would seem, was with his fellows a "servant" of the Earl of Leicester, likely, therefore, to have the readier leave to appear before the Queen's Majesty when, at a later date than the building of the theatre in Blackfriars, the Swan of Avon had tried the strength of his poetic pinion.

Notwithstanding an edict or a set of orders issued by the Civic Powers, giving the Lord Mayor and Aldermen alone authority to license the performance of plays within the City, the Blackfriars Theatre was established among the dwellings of persons of distinction, not far from the City walls, but not within the control of the City officers. The Lord Chamberlain, who does not seem to have objected to it, and Lord Hunsdon, who did object to the confusion and disturbance of the carriages taking people to the playhouse, were near neighbours of the theatre at Blackfriars, for that theatre was, in fact, only a portion of a tenement adapted for that purpose, and known as "the Winter" Theatre, because it was a roofed building, whereas the theatres on Bankside were, summer theatres, only roofed over the stage, and with the auditorium left open to the sky. This was really a perpetuation of

the theatre formed by the old Inn Yard, where the occupants of the rooms opening from the surrounding gallery looked down upon the players who occupied a stage in the open space where the "groundlings" stood to witness the performance.

By the year 1589, three years after his coming to London, William Shakespeare was not only one of "Her Majesty's poor players," but as one of those poor players one of the sixteen sharers in the Blackfriars Theatre, James Burbadge and his son Richard Burbadge, John Laneham, Thomas Greene, Robert Wilson, John Taylor, Anthony Wadson, Thomas Pope, George Peele, Augustine Phillippis, Nicholas Towby, William Shakespeare, William Kempe, William Johnson, Baptiste Goodale, Robert Armin. These are the names in the order in which they appear. They were actors (Richard Burbadge the greatest actor of his time), and several of them authors, poets, dramatists. Some of them are still known by their works, but none except Shakespeare have achieved a fame which is living still. Some of them may have envied and attempted to depreciate Shakespeare, others admired his genius; he must have given proof of it before that time, and probably was already known among them at least as a dramatist as well as an actor, though it has been conjectured that his first play, the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, did not appear till 1591. That he made what would now be called a "sensation" when he began first probably to adapt and re-cast, and then to write, dramas for the theatre in which he had been actor, and perhaps assistant to Burbadge, is shown by the jealous and violent attack made upon him by Robert Greene (not Thomas Greene) in his "Groat's-worth of Wit," a reference which Henry Chettle, who published the book after Greene's death, soon expressed his regret for not having erased "Because myself, having seen his (Shakespeare's) demeanour no less civil than he excellent



HOLY TRINITY CHURCH, WHERE SHAKESPEARE IS BURIED
From the River Avon



Grave of Shakespeare's Wife Grave of William Shakespeare Grave of Thomas Nash Grave of John Hall Grave of Susanrah Hall, Shakespeare's Daughter

CHANCEL OF HOLY TRINITY CHURCH

Showing the Graves of Shakespeare and his Family, the Shakespeare Bust and Memorial Tablet, and the Tomb of John Combe

in the quality he professes; besides divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in enacting that approves his art."

By the time that the Blackfriars Theatre was rebuilt in 1596, Shakespeare had indeed "approved his art," and he and Richard Burbage were sharers in the new undertaking, and they and their partners, in petitioning the Privy Council, called themselves "owners and players of the private house or theatre in the Precinct, or Liberty, of the Blackfriars." Judging from the actual dates at which Shakespeare's plays were printed, or had been alluded to by other writers, several of his dramas had there been performed. *Henry VI.*, Part I., was alluded to by Nashe in "Pierce Penniless" in 1592. *Henry VI.*, Part II., was printed as *The First Part of the Contention* in 1592: the third part of the same play as *The True Tragedy of the Duke of York*, in 1595. *Richard II.*, *Richard III.*, and *Romeo and Juliet* were all printed in 1597. All these were published in the quarto form. The *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, the *Comedy of Errors* (probably in 1592), and, it is supposed, *Love's Labour Lost*, had been written before these dates; while in 1593 "Venus and Adonis" had appeared in print, dedicated to the young Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton. Shakespeare, himself, calls "Venus and Adonis" "the first-born of my invention," so that it was written some time before its publication. "Lucrece" was dedicated to the same patron in 1594.

The Globe Theatre, in Bankside, Southwark, which was built in 1594, was the "summer" theatre of Burbage and his company, a building of hexagonal shape without, and constructed chiefly of timber by Peter Steele, a carpenter and joiner. It was open to the weather except that part of it immediately above the stage, where there was a thatched roof. Shakespeare had a share in this undertaking, and his plays were acted there as they were at Blackfriars. It has been considered probable, indeed, that the new era which had opened for the drama, because of the great success of these matchless works, had led to the new enterprise of building a theatre on the Bankside, not far from where the Bear Garden and Paris Garden attracted not only the common people, but Royal and noble spectators, to witness the cruelties of bear and bull-baiting, and whither—as theatrical performances then took place in the afternoon—those who did not cross London Bridge, went by water in barge or wherry.

The dramas of Shakespeare and his contemporaries, of Ben Jonson, Marlowe, Lyly, Beaumont and Fletcher, George Chapman, and others, as distinctly marked the new dawn as did the poems of Spenser and Sidney. It was an age of vast development, and men had begun to live in a plenitude of natural and intellectual vigour in those "spacious times of Great Elizabeth." Yet amidst the splendid liberty and wealth of a literature which marks the period as one of amazing and rapid growth, the work of Shakespeare has alone appealed to the common sentiment and the popular appreciation of successive generations. His power is the power of Nature, it stirs the blood and moves the heart, and it is English at the same time that it is universal in its application to all humanity.

Before the early days of Elizabeth there had been little or no English drama, with the exception of the crude miracle and "morality" plays. Some representations of classical stories were given in Latin at schools and Universities on holiday festivals, and at the Inns of Court: but there was little or nothing that resembled what we now call a play.

The first English comedy was *Roister Doister*, by Udall, Master of Eton, in 1553; the first English tragedy was *Gorbuduc*, written for the Easter festivities of the Inner Temple by two young men who were members of the Inn, Thomas Norton and Thomas Sackville, in 1561.

This story, like others of the ancient tragedians, was designed to teach a moral, and even a political, lesson, on the value and necessity of unity as opposed to strife, and each act was, in accordance with this object, preceded by a "dumb show," by which was represented in allegorical or parabolic action the "motive" of that part of the play. The story itself was taken—as the story of Lear was afterwards taken—by Shakespeare, from the Chronicles of Geoffrey of Monmouth, and the "dumb shows," or acted preludes, indicated the moral intention or application of the drama.

That which preceded the first act of *Gorbuduc*, or the story of the princely brothers Ferrex and Porrex, is explained thus:—

"First the music of cornets began to play, during which came in upon the stage a King accompanied with a number of his nobility and gentlemen. And after he had placed himself in a chair of State prepared for him, there came and kneeled before him a grave and aged gentleman, and offered up unto him a cup of wine in a glass, which the King refused. After him came a brave and lusty young gentleman, and presents the King with a cup of gold filled with poison, which the King accepted, and drinking the same, immediately fell down dead upon the stage, and so was carried thence away by his lords and gentlemen, and then the music ceased. Hereby was signified that as glass by nature holdeth no poison, but is clear and may easily be seen through, he bowed by any art; so a faithful counsellor holdeth no treason, but is plain and open, he yieldeth to any indiscreet affection, but giveth wholesome counsel, which the ill-advised Prince refuseth. The delightful gold filled with poison betokeneth flattery, which under fair seeming of pleasant words beareth deadly poison, which destroyeth the Prince that receiveth it. As befell in the two brethren, Ferrex and

Porrex, who, refusing the wholesome advice of grave counsellors, credited these young parasites, and brought to themselves death and destruction thereby."

Of course "dumb show" made up a great part of those masques and pageants acted by the members of the Inns of Court before Royalty, and often ingeniously devised to convey pretty broad flattery to the Sovereign by means of the significance of the allegorical personages, who, however, occasionally recited verses during their passage across the stage. These "dumb show" plays, however, often formed a part of festivals both public and private, and when the actors from London appeared in the Town Hall at Stratford, and were employed by the burgesses to give their play for the amusement of the people there, the allegorical or pantomime prelude was, doubtless, very well understood by the boy Shakespeare, whose father was among the council.

At wedding celebrations this kind of drama was performed to show allegorically incidents in the life or family history of the bride or bridegroom. That represented in our illustration appears in Strutt's "Manners and Customs of the English" as the masque at the wedding of Sir Henry Upton.

After *Gorbuduc*, English plays continued to hold their ground,

answered by a deed of sale of a property in 1591, that property being described as situate between the houses of Robert Johnson and John Shakespeare. The property seems to have been inherited by William Shakespeare as heir-at-law, and in his will, which anybody in London may see in the Prerogative Will Office, and of which there can be no doubt whatever, he bequeathed to his "sister Joan . . . the house with the appurtenances in Stratford wherein she dwelleth, for her natural life, under the yearly rent of twelve pence." Joan Shakespeare, who, on her marriage, became Mistress Hart, was living there in 1639, and probably till her death in 1646. Both houses were eventually to go to Shakespeare's eldest daughter, Susannah Hall, wife of Dr. Hall, the relative of the family from whom the property was purchased, intimate friends of the poet. The house inhabited by Joan Hart, Shakespeare's sister, seems to have been long afterwards divided, the lower part of one half of it being converted into a butcher's shop, and a little before the beginning of the present century the butcher, with an eye alike to archaeology and business, hung up a board thus inscribed:—

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE WAS BORN IN THIS HOUSE.

N.B.—A HORSE AND TAXED CART TO LET.

The other house was known as the "Maidenhead" Inn as early as 1642, and by the deeds of settlement of this property on Shakespeare's eldest daughter and grand-daughter, we learn that this grand-daughter, Elizabeth Nash, who was left a widow, and married Sir John Barnard, left both houses, "the inn called the 'Maidenhead' and the adjoining house and barn," to her kinsmen Thomas and George Hart, the grandsons of her grandfather's sister Joan, in the hands of whose descendants they remained till the beginning of the present century, though tenements had then been built upon the former large orchards and gardens, which had been sold by those who had come into possession, and the "Maidenhead" Inn had changed its sign to the "Swan," and again to the "Swan and Maidenhead."

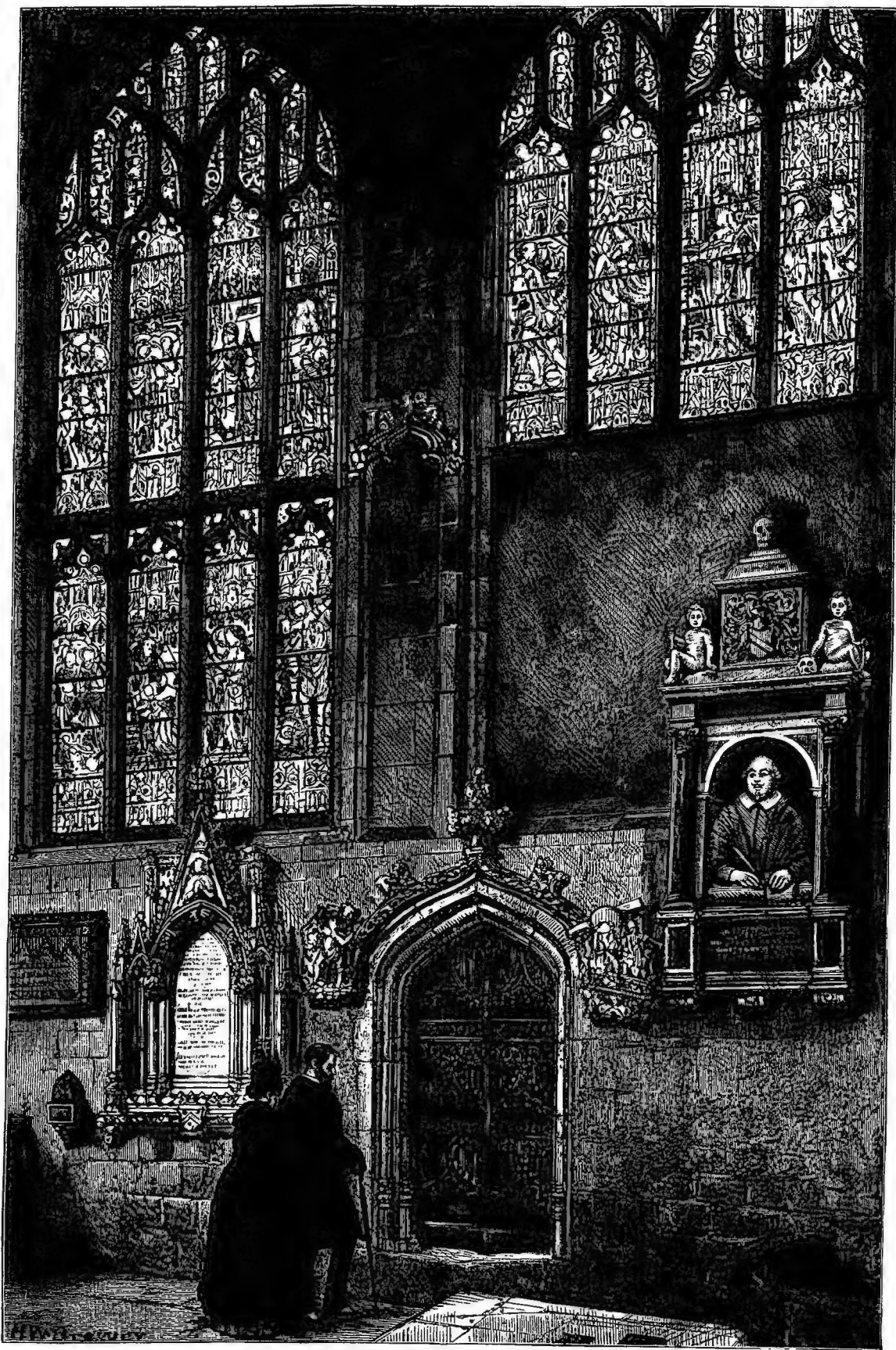
It was then a tumble-down looking old place, but kept up apparently by its sturdy beams and timbers. Its external appearance had been altered, and it looked a more humble dwelling than it had once appeared: humbler far than that other show-house in Stratford, with its beautiful front ornamented with wood-carving, and its pretty lattices, the Elizabethan house still preserved as a specimen of what the superior kind of buildings in the town had become in Shakespeare's time. Eighty years ago it was not easy for visitors to Stratford-upon-Avon to regard the meaner tenement, the central portion of which was preserved for show—that poor room with the low ceiling, the massive joists, the plastered walls ribbed with oak—as the actual birth-place of the poet whose name and work live in the memory of the world even beyond the English-speaking peoples: but the walls were covered with inscriptions of the names of hundreds of visitors whom that world has also known and who went thither as to a shrine.

This was the appearance of Shakespeare's birth-place—then and since, misleadingly, called Shakespeare's house—in 1768, when the Corporation of Stratford had rebuilt the town hall. In the northern gable of that hall was a vacant niche that evidently required a statue. Such, at all events, was the opinion of a jovial company which met at the White Lion at Stratford one evening to welcome the famous George Alexander Stevens, the Shakesperian commentator, who was there on a visit. The conversation had of course been about Shakespeare, and doubtless about the pulling down of the house that had stood on the site of the poet's dwelling called "New Place," and the cutting down of the famous mulberry-tree in the poet's garden—both of which events had happened some eleven years before—and Stevens proposed that his friend Garrick should be applied to for help to obtain funds for raising a statue of the poet, at the same time hinting that, as Garrick had an eye to the main chance, as well as to fame, he would probably contrive to turn the proposition to his own advantage and, at the same, to gratify his vanity. A subsequent correspondence with the popular actor and manager showed that he was not insensible to the appeal, especially as the suggestion had been preceded by an invitation to become a Burgess of Stratford and to

accept the freedom of the town, which was presented to him enclosed in an elegant box made from the wood of the famous mulberry-tree planted by Shakespeare.

Probably the Corporation was not quite prepared for the ardour with which Garrick prepared a scheme for holding a grand celebration—a Shakespeare Jubilee Festival in Stratford itself—but when the idea was made known, not only the natives of the Warwickshire town, but some influential people in London and other parts of the country showed their willingness to help in carrying out the scheme. Distinguished personages were quite willing to give their countenance and support to such a proposition from the man who, for above a quarter of a century, had held the foremost position on the stage, and was generally accepted as being the best, as he was certainly the most popular, acting exponent of the bard, and at the same time, as Goldsmith put it, was "a wit, if not first, in the very first line," and "a medley of all that is pleasant in man." Garrick and his coadjutors worked so effectually that, in the summer of 1769, the preparations were pretty well complete, and the programme of the great Shakespeare Jubilee was ready.

(To be continued)



VIEW IN THE CHANCEL, HOLY TRINITY CHURCH
Showing the Shakespeare Memorial Bust and Tablet and the Stained Glass Window
The Gift of American Visitors to Stratford-on-Avon

and one of them, which was about contemporary with *Gorbuduc*, was called *Cambyses*, by Thomas Preston, of King's College, whose acting as well as his writing pleased Elizabeth, when Her Majesty witnessed the tragedy of *Dido* performed at Cambridge University. It is to Preston's play that Shakespeare is supposed to have alluded when he made Falstaff, in the first part of *Henry IV.*, say, when pretending to chide the Wild Prince in the character of his father:—"Give me a cup of sack to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cambyses' vein."

After this slight digression we will return to the house in Henley Street, in which it is generally believed that William Shakespeare was born. The conclusion that this was the birthplace of Shakespeare is founded not only on the traditions preserved by the inhabitants of Stratford, but, as we have seen, on some documentary evidence. That house was certainly his home in childhood, and the property purchased by his father, John Shakespeare, from Edmund Hall and Emma his wife, is described as two messuages, two gardens, and two orchards, with their appurtenances. The question which of the two houses was inhabited by John Shakespeare is said to be



DRAWN BY GEORGE DU MAURIER

"Why, yes, my lady, he has generally a gun or two about." Here she looked more agitated than ever.

THE MYSTERY OF MIRBRIDGE

By JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "BY PROXY," "UNDER ONE ROOF," &C., &C.

CHAPTER XXXI. IN THE OLD HOME

LADY TREVOR, as we are well aware, had no need to ask the shortest road to Spinney Cottage. Fortunately, it lay outside the village—indeed, it was at the extreme boundary of the parish itself—and could be approached by bye-roads on which there was little chance of meeting people. To a dweller in towns there are few things more striking in the country than the scantiness of its population. It is difficult for them to understand how the fields are tilled, or who brings the products to market; and at certain times of the day, it was possible to walk for miles at Mirbridge—unless in the village street itself—without meeting a fellow-creature.

Had Lady Trevor been on any ordinary errand, this solitude, combined with the cloudless sky, the autumnal tints upon the trees, the freshness of the air, and the undertones of music with which Nature filled it, would have soothed and calmed her; but it was now only grateful to her because it sheltered her from observation. The landscape, too, had less of beauty for her than association. Every foot of it was familiar to her—for the country knows but little change—and reminded her of a far-back past.

It was her first visit to the Spinney since her return to Mirbridge, yet it seemed but yesterday since she had trodden this purple moor, that shady grove, or followed this winding path by the rivulet. Her brother she had not seen since that day she met him on

the Bridge Hill. It had been easy to avoid him, for he was not a man to press his attentions upon "the quality," when there was nothing to be got out of them; he did not love the aristocracy of his native land, as many of us do, for their own sake; and it was not to be expected, though the bargain between his father and old Sir Marmaduke had, in Mr. John Beeton's opinion, been a bad one, that it would be bettered, now that Letty and her child were dead and gone, by any argument he could use with Sir Richard. Jenny, too, Lady Trevor had scarcely seen since that day at the Court. She had by no means forgotten her; and had resolved to benefit her, when she should be married and removed from Mirbridge, as much as she dared. But as long as she remained at home there would be danger she felt in any familiarity with her, and she had therefore avoided it. It had now, however, become necessary to visit her under the very roof that had once been her own. In some respects her own history was repeating itself in Jenny's. In very Spinney which she was now approaching—a little wood of exceeding beauty, that seemed indeed "for whispering lovers made"—she had herself been wooed by the youthful Heir of Mirbridge—Court, though not, as Jenny was reported to be, unwillingly.

The stile, the path, the stream, would each have had its bitter-sweet memories of the past for her, but they were overpowered and swallowed up by the anxieties of the present. Her eye roved hither and thither, not for a phantom lover, but a real one, not in tender regret, but in sickening apprehension. Bloodshed! There was another spinney in the parish, where, as she well remem-

bered, a murder had been long ago committed; and what if this fair spot should be desecrated likewise by a similar crime! She was not afraid of Hugh now, she was afraid for him, and capable of any word or deed to save him from the consequences of his own wickedness; for, curiously enough, though so devoted to him, she took his wickedness for granted. She moved quickly, but cautiously, with eye and ear on the alert; the rustling of the leaves, the murmuring of the brook, often startled her; the trunks of the slender trees, the contour of the bushes, often took, in her feverish imagination, human forms, but she met no one. The little Eden was for that afternoon without its serpent. A good reason for this was, however, manifest when she came in sight of the cottage, for before its door, upon a tree trunk, two persons, were sitting, namely John Beeton, and a much younger man, whom she rightly judged to be his prospective son-in-law, Harry Grange.

She hastily withdrew into the wood, which was thicker than of yore about the house, and thoroughly concealed her. The men were out of earshot, yet so near that she could perceive the old poacher was sharpening a peg for a rabbit net (an occupation with which of old she had been very familiar) while his companion read aloud to him from an open letter. The matter seemed to be important, for now and again the slow and monotonous voice, that belongs to all readers who are "no scholars," would pause inter-rogatively, and the elder man would put in his word, roughly and grudgingly, as was his way. Lady Trevor remembered it well, though his appearance had greatly altered from what it had been,

and of course for the worse. Up to middle life, the labouring man, as he is called, commonly holds his own as regards health with his richer brother, and has even the advantage of him; he has lived more in the fresh air, and taken more exercise; later on, the scale dips the other way; exposure to the elements begins to tell upon the frame no longer stout enough to defy them, and it is bowed prematurely by a whole pedlar's pack of ailments.

Jack Beeton was Sir Richard's contemporary, and had nature been left alone would have looked much the younger and stronger man, but he had lived a fast life as well as a hard one, and its effects were beginning to manifest themselves. His sister remembered him as a handsome fellow, though with a coarse and reckless air that marred his comeliness; the coarseness and recklessness had now become the chief traits in a countenance that had suffered less from exposure than from the remedies, or the pretence of remedies, that had been taken for it.

Every glass of gin "to keep the cold out" had left its record on his face as its wet foot stains the tavern table.

It was of importance to Lady Trevor to call to mind what sort of brother he had been to her, that she might deduce from the recollection what conduct might be expected from him as a father. Mrs. Grange had said that he loved his daughter, and it might be so, but she had a shrewd suspicion that his affection for her was secondary to that he entertained for himself. He was of a disposition jovial enough, and could sing a good song, especially if his whistle was wetted, as he expressed it, at a comrade's expense; but his nature was too selfish to be really genial. He had been a spendthrift as far as his limited means permitted, but at the same time had been fond of money: that is an attribute which rarely wears out with age, and she knew it had not done so in his case.

He had applied more than once to Sir Richard for pecuniary assistance—an increase to the monthly allowance that was made to him—and had been denied it; her husband's good nature had prompted otherwise, but Lady Trevor had perceived the danger of generosity to one who, incapable of appreciating such a motive, was only too likely to set it down to fear; a harsh judgment, it may be said, of a brother by a sister, but it must be remembered that this man, though in no respect blameworthy for her wrong-doing, was in receipt of wages in compensation for it, and had shown himself more solicitous about them than sensitive to her shame.

So far as he knew, she was in her grave, a reflection which doubtless made her more bitter against him; the dead, we are told, regard us with "larger, other eyes than ours, which make allowance for us all," but that is probably far from being the case with persons who are only supposed to be deceased, and as it were "in hiding." It is sad to reflect "how soon the memory of a good man dies with those he held most dear," but it must be sadder to the good man himself who has the opportunity of remarking it in his own proper person. With Mirbridge and its unconscious people Lady Trevor had many tender associations, but as regarded her brother she had none.

In the bitterness of her feelings against him, she had even allowed herself to conceive of him as conniving at Hugh's flirtation with his daughter for the sake of the hush-money that might be extorted from him, but this was only a passing thought, which she knew had done her brother wrong. The picture of him which was prominent in her mind, and which had brought her to the Spinney to-day, was that of an avenger; she felt that if he suspected her son's intentions, no sum of money she could command could prevent him from breaking every bone in that sombre Lothario's body. Money, however, could do much, and to avert even the breath of scandal, much more such a catastrophe as that, she was prepared to spend her last shilling.

"Why, that's nigh on a hundred pounds!" Those words, spoken by Jack Beeton in a stormy and contemptuous voice, seemed like a continuation of her thoughts.

"That's what he says," returned the younger man, raising his voice in emulation of the other's tones. "It's not my proposition, but his, and if you can't help me there's an end of it."

"Well, then, there is an end of it, and so you may tell him," replied Beeton with an oath; and both men rose from their seats and went indoors, gloomily, as it seemed, enough.

"An end of what?" wondered the eavesdropper. Not of Jenny's marriage, surely; that would be the most unfortunate thing under the circumstances that could happen. In that case, for one thing, it would be necessary to take Sir Richard into her confidence at once, and that would involve—what above all things she desired to avoid—a rupture between her husband and her son. It was only for her sake, as she well knew, that Sir Richard "put up with him," as he expressed it, as it was; and the revelation of any disgraceful conduct in him would not only make an end of forbearance, but, despite all promises to the contrary, might bring down that sword of Damocles which hung by a hair over Hugh's head.

The talk that had taken place without the cottage would seem to have been renewed inside it, or, what was probable enough, a third person was being informed by the other two of the contents of the letter that had so moved them, for it was nearly an hour before the male inmates of the cottage reappeared. They walked together a few paces into the wood, and then took different paths, each parting from the other with a silent nod, which in the younger man seemed to speak of dejection, and in the elder of sullen discontent. Upon the whole, Lady Trevor concluded that there had been no quarrel, from which—since quarrel there would probably have been had the match between Grange and Jenny been broken off—she gathered some comfort. She was glad to remark, too, that the young fellow was well-looking, frank in expression, despite the obvious disappointment that clouded it, and looking altogether like a man who, having once won an honest girl's love, was not likely to lightly lose it.

Having waited sufficient time to convince herself that the coast was clear, Lady Trevor advanced cautiously to the cottage. All about it she noticed had a more liveable look than when she herself had dwelt there. The garden was better tended, the three stone steps that led to the door more scrupulously clean, while the whole face of the house was overhung with creepers, which gave it a picturesque appearance it had wholly lacked in her time. These improvements she rightly set down to Jenny's love of work and good taste, and that being so, she could not but wonder that, in spite of its being a warm autumn day, every lattice was fast closed as though it had been winter weather.

The poor are only too fond of shutting out every breath of air from their habitations, but in this case she had looked for better judgment.

She knocked at the door with her parasol, and failing to make herself heard, turned the handle, and, to her great surprise, found that the door was locked.

Was it possible that the cottage was empty, and her errand in vain?

On a second summons, however, Jenny's voice was heard from an upper window—at which, however, she did not appear—inquiring who was there, and on her replying "Lady Trevor," she was admitted, though not till after some delay, by Jenny herself.

The girl looked very pale and wretched, and in her face were plainly to be seen the traces of many tears.

"Why, Jenny," said her visitor, cheerfully, as she stepped into the little parlour she knew so well, "you take as great precaution with your cottage as though burglary in the day time was a common offence at Mirbridge."

Jenny elaborately dusted a chair before presenting it for the other's acceptance, and murmured a hesitating something about there being tramps about.

"Indeed. I should have thought even a tramp would have been careful about coming to your father's house with any ill intentions, if all tales of him be true."

What Lady Trevor referred to was Mr. Beeton's reputation for reckless valour, but his daughter in her humility translated it as an allusion to his sporting propensities.

"Why, yes, my lady, he has generally a gun or two about." Here she looked more agitated than ever, like one who has said something the full signification of which does not strike him till after he has uttered it. Her visitor guessed her thoughts and shared her fears. That particular form of "bloodshed" had not hitherto struck her, but the likelihood of its occurrence now at once presented itself to her, and filled her with sickening fear.

"Jenny," she said, earnestly, after a short pause, during which her heart seemed to stop and then to recommence beating so loudly that she could hear it, "I am come here as your friend, believing you to be in sad trouble. I need not ask if it is so," she went on as the other kept silence, "for I can see that it is. You have, unhappily, no mother; let me entreat of you to confide in me, as if you had one, and I were she."

"I have had bad news, my lady, this morning," faltered the girl. "We will talk of that presently, when perhaps I shall be able to make it wear a better face. But you were in trouble before the sad news came."

Jenny answered nothing, but turned scarlet. It was terrible to her to have to talk of such a matter to anybody, but worst of all to her present companion.

Again Lady Trevor guessed the cause of her confusion—which, indeed, was natural enough—and hastened to her rescue.

"It is bad for me, my dear girl," continued Lady Trevor, divining her thoughts, "to have to discuss this deplorable affair; but it is worse for you, so I will not pain you with any unnecessary questions. But is it not true that you are persecuted by the attentions of my son, Hugh Trevor?"

"Yes, yes," murmured Jenny piteously, then sank into a chair and burst into tears.

It had been in Lady Trevor's mind to ask Jenny whether something she had said or done could have been translated into a hint or encouragement to him; but, with such a spectacle before her, she dared not do it. Moreover, she felt only too well convinced that the less she said about her son the better.

"Mr. Hugh knows that I am engaged to Harry," gasped Jenny sobbing, "and yet he persists in coming here. He wants me to run away from home and marry him instead."

A little reflection would have convinced Lady Trevor that in this Hugh had lied; but for the moment she believed him to be in earnest, and it made her more angry with him than anything that had gone before. For a mere passionate fancy, then, this son, for whom she had devoted herself body and soul, was prepared to wreck his whole future! To scheme, and plan, and toil for such a man was love's labour lost indeed! The position of the girl, too, almost as much her own flesh and blood as herself, and terrorised by merciless importunity, appealed to all that was best in her nature. Her sense of justice for the moment overmastered her.

"Why did you not complain of him to your father?" she inquired indignantly.

"Oh, my lady, you do not know my father. There would have been murder done."

"Good girl, good girl!" exclaimed Lady Trevor precipitately; "you did quite right. You must promise me not to tell him now, but to leave everything in my hands. You should have come to me instead of Mr. Smug."

"I thought of that, my lady; but I dared not. Moreover, as I was to be married at once, and go away from Mirbridge— But that is all over now," and again she broke into a passion of sobs.

Lady Trevor threw herself on her knees, and pressed her lips to Jenny's wet cheek.

"Pray, pray believe that I am your friend, dear girl," she whispered earnestly, "and tell me the whole story."

CHAPTER XXXII.

A PRECAUTIONARY MEASURE

POOR Jenny had not much to tell that might not have been predicated by one who knew the world and its ways. Her beauty had really made an impression upon Hugh Trevor's heart as deep as it was capable of receiving; if he had deceived her in his proffer of marriage, he had in his mad passion risked as much as marriage itself would have cost him; rupture with a father already justly incensed against him; the turning of his mother's devotion into disgust; punishment of the severest kind at the hand of Jenny's father and lover; and the breaking-off of his relations with Clara Thorne, which were really become as deep-rooted in his nature as its soil permitted. Selfish as he was, his selfishness was shallow, and without premeditation, and for the gratification of the moment he was capable of the most reckless conduct. Such men are far more dangerous to society than more calculating scoundrels, because no sagacity can guard against their acts. On the other hand, in such vehement and egotistic natures there is no seductive charm; and it is probable even if her affections had not been otherwise engaged, that such persuasive eloquence as was at his command would have been dropped in vain in Jenny's ear. As it was, she loathed him from the first, a circumstance which, though he perceived it, in no way interfered with his satyr-like pursuit of her. Her native modesty and respect for her superiors, and even a fear of the consequences to her persecutor should his conduct be revealed, had kept her silent, till Mr. Smug had forced her hand. She was not without confidence in his power to help her, though somewhat apprehensive of the steps he might take to do so, but what had sustained her most under her sufferings was the knowledge that they must at least be short-lived. Her marriage with Harry Grange was to take place in a few weeks, after which she would reside in London.

Unhappily that very morning a letter had come from the carpenter with whom it was agreed that Harry was to go into partnership, excusing himself from that arrangement on the ground that he had been offered a sum of money to take another man in his place. He was sorry, he wrote, but "he had a wife and children" (a tender statement enough, but which, when it appears in business matters, always involves sharp practice on the part of the speaker), and was compelled to look to his own interests in the matter, and unless the same sum could be raised by Grange, he must be off his bargain. It was not "pretty"—but so many things, not only in the carpentering line, are not "pretty"—and there being no legal obligation to hold him, there was nothing for it but to submit.

Harry, indeed, had appealed to his prospective father-in-law for a loan, but Mr. John Beeton was either unable, or unwilling, to lend him so large a sum, and the date of the young people's marriage had therefore become, at the least, uncertain. To Jenny's relation of affairs, given with much modesty and hesitation, but bearing the unmistakable impress of truth, Lady Trevor listened with rapt attention.

"Are you sure," she inquired, when it was finished, "that you have spoken to no one else save to Mr. Smug of my son's ill-conduct?"

"I am quite sure, my lady," Jenny answered simply, "I think I should have told Mrs. Grange had I had the chance, but I could only do so by going up to the Court, and that I dared not do."

The mention of her so doing, indeed, alarmed Lady Trevor as much it did herself. To get Jenny out of the way, and to keep Sir

Richard in ignorance of the whole matter, were both of paramount importance. Her first impulse was to propose to the two young people to elope, and thereby sever at once the Gordian knot of their difficulties, but a little reflection brought her to a better mind. She had no right, as she acknowledged to herself, to expose this girl to the least breath of slander to save her son from the risk of disgrace; and if any other plan should necessitate her taking another person into her confidence she was bound to do the very best she could for Jenny, even at that hazard.

As for money, it was the least part of her difficulty, for, though she had no actual control over her husband's finances, he had the most absolute confidence in her, and never questioned her expenditure.

"What is the sum required to ensure Harry his partnership?" she asked.

"It is nearly a hundred pounds, my lady."

"Then you may tell him to-day that that sum will be forthcoming. I will advance him the money myself."

"Oh, my lady, but how can we ever repay you?" exclaimed Jenny.

"By doing exactly what I tell you," was the quiet reply. "Harry must go up to town at once and look after his own interests, and I shall send you after him."

It was a delightful prospect; but there was an obstacle in the foreground to which Jenny could hardly shut her eyes.

"But I have no friends in London, my lady, and I could not go without father; and father is very difficult to stir."

Lady Trevor had a shrewd conviction that another fifty pounds would be found very efficacious to stir him either in the direction of London or elsewhere; but, on the other hand, such an offer would be sure to arouse his suspicions. It was essential that the rôle of Lady Bountiful should not be over-played.

"You will not go with your father, but with Harry's mother, who is the proper person, not only to look after yourself, but to prepare his house for him."

"Then you will have to tell Mrs. Grange," murmured Jenny, in affrighted tones.

"I shall tell her nothing that will not be pleasing to her, if I can help it; leave all that to me. You had better see about packing your things, for you will be off to-morrow. When your father comes back you will say I found you in sad trouble, and have made up my mind to help you. From what I hear of him he is a sensible man, and will not object to that. As to Harry, he would be a fool, indeed, to look such a gift horse in the mouth."

(It was lucky for Lady Trevor that the excitement and agitation which had robbed her of her usual prudence also prevented Jenny exercising her powers of observation, or it would certainly have struck her that for a Frenchwoman her ladyship had a considerable command of English idioms.)

"Tell him to come up to the Court this afternoon, and his mother will give him the money and arrange matters."

She felt that she was leaving Jenny a good deal to do in the way of explaining things; but she trusted to her woman's wit, and also to the facility with which people accept what is for their own benefit; and, after all, much the harder, as well as the more delicate, task remained for herself.

The urgency and importance of her errand had prevented the associations which the sight of her old home would otherwise have evoked; but now that it was accomplished, so far as in her lay, they began to take hold of her. The gratitude of the girl, expressed in the simplest but most heart-felt way, moved her too towards Jenny herself.

In putting her out of harm's way, she felt that she was not only performing a duty that every woman owes to another, but acknowledging a claim of kinship. If she had had a daughter of her own she would have given her, in full measure, a mother's love, and in some sort her niece appealed to this undeveloped passion. With wonder Jenny perceived the tears steal down the cheek of her alien and high-born visitor, as she bade her farewell.

It was no small part of the punishment of Lady Trevor's own wrong-doing that she must needs send away from her that innocent and tender girl who had so close a claim upon her, and whom it would have been a life-long pleasure to take under her wing.

"May I see you again, my lady, before I go?" inquired Jenny, pleadingly.

"No dear, I think it will be better not," she answered coldly, but with a pang far keener than the disappointment her reply aroused in her companion; "but you have always a friend in me, remember, who, though far off, can stretch out a hand to help you."

There are often reasons, best known to ourselves, why our personal benefits to others should have these limitations; but Lady Trevor's case was an especially hard one; she was cutting herself off from an affection on which she could have relied, and of which she stood in sore need; for there was not a woman in the world she could call her friend.

She reached home by the same unfrequented path by which she had come, and though in a calmer frame of mind, so wrapped in her own sad thoughts, that she forgot to call on her way upon Mr. Smug, as she had intended, to inform him of the success of her enterprise. It would be time enough, she reflected, to do this when her arrangements with Mrs. Grange were completed; as if in this world there was ever "time enough" to take precautions against Weldon—not whom that stands with sinister smile and armed hand beside every one of us, to strike us where our defence is weakest.

In the housekeeper's room she found not only Mrs. Grange but her son Harry, who had come to tell her his bad news from town; it would have been safer, perhaps, to have seen her alone, but, on the whole, she was not sorry to have the opportunity of judging for herself what sort of a husband Jenny had chosen. He was a well-looking young fellow, with a frank and honest face, but most distressingly shy—which from what she had heard of his antecedents she had not expected. His brief experience as a soldier had not apparently destroyed a modesty which suffused his cheek with colour under her gaze, and confined his replies to monosyllables. He listened to her praises of Jenny with a proud satisfaction that well became him, but also with a certain air of triumph directed to his mother, that did not escape Lady Trevor's notice. She at once concluded that something had occurred to make Mrs. Grange less enthusiastic about her future daughter-in-law than hitherto, independent of the pecuniary misfortune that had disarranged the young fellow's matrimonial plans; for though shrewd enough, she was far too truthful and high-minded to be actuated by any sordid feelings. Was it possible that some breath of scandal respecting Hugh had already reached her ears?

When Lady Trevor, however, disclosed her benevolent intentions, they were received with a gratitude that forbade the existence of any suspicion of their motive; and as she went on to express her pleasure at being of service to the young people, the housekeeper opened her heart to her. John Beeton, it appeared, had made himself very disagreeable to Harry that morning, and even hinted that Jenny might do better for herself than marry him; a suggestion which, to use the young man's graphic expression, had "put his mother's back up." She had probably made some observations similar to that of Mr. Beeton's, but from the opposite point of view. Both mother and son, however, expressed their grateful acceptance of a proposal that seemed a short cut out of all difficulties, and it was arranged that Harry should leave for town that afternoon, and Mrs. Grange follow him with Jenny on the morrow morning. This fortunately left but a few hours, since, until the girl was well away, Lady Trevor was a prey to forebodings and apprehensions. To

know that Harry was gone, was so far a relief to her, but on the other hand, his absence, if known to Hugh, might be itself a source of danger. How Jenny had fared in her explanation of the matter to her father was also a source of great anxiety to her. Mrs. Grange had gone to the cottage and arranged with the girl as to the hour of departure, but Mr. Beeton had not at that time returned home. He was probably solacing himself for the bad news of the morning at the public-house, and there was no knowing in what frame of mind he might return from it. There were times with him when obstinacy and resentment usurped the place of self-interest, or, in other words, when he became so blind drunk that he could not see his own advantage. To move in the matter further, however, was obviously dangerous; and there was nothing for Lady Trevor but to be patient and hope for the best. Who of us is so fortunate as not to know what it is to be condemned to inaction when encompassed by peril? Under such circumstances there is only one source of comfort—and this was closed to her. To some men, and to many women, the consciousness of their own guilty conduct is not a bar to an appeal for Divine aid even in a matter in which that conduct is involved; but with Lady Trevor it was not so. A hypocrite to her fellow-creatures, she shrank from paltering with her Creator; and while far from irreligious in her general views and behaviour, she left with a piteous Faith, whose other name was Misgiving, all that concerned her elder son to Fate.

He dined as usual with the family, and for once she regretted that Clara Thorne was not of the party; in the evening she regretted it still more, for happening to look into the billiard room, where the young men were at their usual game, she found only Charles and Mr. Gurdon; Hugh, they said, had gone out with his cigar for a stroll.

As the true word is often spoken in jest, so it frequently happens that a piece of information, lightly dropped as of no concern, has a significance to the hearer undreamt of by him who utters it. To Lady Trevor this news given to her by Mr. Gurdon, between two strokes of his cue, and less regarded than either, raised before her eyes a mist of blood. She had none to confide in; none to take the bright side of things, or rally her upon her morbid fears; if Sir Richard had not been asleep in his chair, with those lines of care and pain showing on his thin cheeks so piteously, she might have been driven in her feverish anxiety to tell him all; how cruelly calm looked the still face of nature as she paced the terrace like some wild creature caged; how indifferent to her prayers and pains looked the autumn sky! Then, after all (so hard is the way of transgressors), these self-inflicted tortures were suffered in vain, for presently she heard the front door slam, and Hugh's clear whistle (for he whistled like a blackbird) sounding through the hall, and she knew by its cheerful note that all was, so far, well.

(To be continued)



EVERY ONE knows exactly the line that M. Renan would take in his "History of the People of Israel" (Chapman and Hall). He would be cynically unorthodox; he would even go out of his way to shock goody folks' susceptibilities; and he would do it all in such pleasant style that nobody could be angry, pulling down the battlements with so light a touch that they seemed to topple over of themselves. Byron talks of Voltaire "sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer." M. Renan does not sneer at all; he smiles, as did the Roman augur in Cicero's day when he met a brother of the craft. Paradoxical as it is, it is nevertheless true that this shocking book is simply delightful. The brains are picked out of the latest German and Dutch scholars, and are served up as no one but a Frenchman, and very few of them, could do it. If we think M. Renan a little hard on David, "the unscrupulous bandit who, (history seldom giving us the spectacle of virtue rewarded), supplanted the real founder of the force of Israel;" if he lays himself open to misunderstanding in the way he speaks of the God of Israel (e.g., "the history of Israel was one long effort to shake off the false God Jehovah and to return to the primitive Elohim," page 221), he asserts, strongly enough to satisfy the late Matthew Arnold, the fiery vitality of the Hebrew faith in contrast with that elegant plaything the Hellenic religion: "Israel never stood quietly by to see the world badly governed under the authority of a God reputed to be just. Her sages were fanatics in the cause of social justice, and loudly proclaimed that if the world was not capable of becoming just, it had better be destroyed, a view utterly wrong, indeed, but which, like Nihilism nowadays, brought about a grand awakening of the forces of humanity." He shrewdly notes the deterioration in passing from the patriarchal to the national stage: "A nation which has a territory to conquer or to defend is always more cruel than the tribe which is not yet attached to the soil. . . . Nations at their birth are ferocious" (page 198). M. Renan is a difficult author to translate, though so easy to read in the original; and neither Mr. Pitman nor Mr. Bingham has quite succeeded. "Denis of Halicarnassus" (page 709) is a slip; but "the institution of the monarchy was quite a profane affair" is not adequate because it is too academic; and surely for a "transcription" of proper names, our ordinary word is "transliteration."

Anybody who wants a useful and comprehensive summary of facts, astronomical, cosmical, biological, and evolutionary, cannot do better than take up "Discursive Essays on the Phenomena of the Heavens, and Physical History of the Earth" (London Literary Society). "Cosmopolites" has some new theories—about "the element of cold in the earth," which he holds to be not the absence of heat but a physical principle as powerful, energetic, and universal as the principle of heat itself (page 186); and about "the transitory motion of the sun in space," which, he thinks, conveyed our solar system into a region of intense heat, whence it has been gradually passing into a region of intense cold, the result being the creation of the planets and satellites. On these, and the theory that darkness is not merely the negation of light, we pronounce no opinion; but we must congratulate the author on having packed into his book such a multitude of facts. This first part is so full of teaching as to justify the hope that he may be encouraged to complete the work.

Mr. R. E. Prothero's "Pioneers and Progress of English Farming" (Longmans) is "an endeavour to apply the results of history to the present conditions of agriculture." Beginning with "wild field-grass" tillage—the breaking-up of fresh pasture, the old being allowed to go back to grass—and the common-field system, in which pasture and tillage were permanently separated, the author describes the mediæval manor; the beginnings under the Tudors of farming for profit, and the misery it brought on the small commoners and hired labourers; the dawn, with Fitzherbert and Tusser, of agricultural literature; the pioneers, with "Turnip Townsend" to Arthur Young and Coke of Holkham; and the sad change which came on at the end of the long war. His chapter on agricultural depression is full of timely teaching; he attributes it in part to the dearth of gold, consequent on the simultaneous adoption by half-a-dozen nations of a gold currency, and also to the glut of silver, which lowers the price of Indian wheat by lessening the value of the wages paid in India. Land Naturalisation he looks on as "a crude panacea," and, while pointing out the distressed state of peasant proprietors abroad, he notes that in England such a class is

well-nigh impossible; the social conditions are against it, and "State legislation opposed to natural laws is as effective as the Pope's bull against a comet." He is careful to correct the common error that in France peasant proprietors were created by the Revolution. Arthur Young, in 1787, found that a third of the land was tilled by them. We heartily recommend Mr. Prothero's book; it is thorough and scholarly, and yet wholly unpedantic.

We are not surprised that "The Wit, Wisdom, and Pathos of Heine" (Gardner: Paisley and London) should have reached a second edition. Heine is always pleasing, but in Mr. Snodgrass's hands he is delightful. The prefatory note gives just enough about his life, the extracts are well chosen, and, in all, the translator has excellently caught the trick of his author's prose. We don't know which is the better, the French travel-notes or the less-known "Memoirs of Schnabelewopski." We wish we could equally praise Mr. Snodgrass's versions of some of the songs. "The Two Grenadiers" is simply untranslatable; Miss F. Parnell's glorious "Post Mortem" embodies the idea, but no more. Of "Loreley" we prefer Mr. Macmillan's rendering into Lowland Scotch.

Four of the papers in "Prosperity or Pauperism?" (Longmans) are by the editor, the Earl of Meath, well known (while Lord Brabazon) for his zeal in securing open spaces to London and Dublin. His present object is to forward the cause of physical, technical, and industrial training, "so that our youth may start in life with healthy bodies, with the knowledge of things as well as of books, with the power of using their hands as well as their heads, and of making the most of small resources." Some of the papers are reprints, "The Health of Our City Populations," for instance, in which Lord Meath points out how gymnastics have changed "the effeminate shop-clerk of the Crimean War period into the stalwart volunteer, the oarsman, or bicyclist," appeared seven years ago in the *Nineteenth Century*. Mr. R. Auchmuty shows that the decay of apprenticeship makes trade-schools a necessity. *Slöjd* (sleight) a Swedish extension to older scholars of the Kindergarten method, is praised by Miss Evelyn Chapman, not as a means of turning out full or half-blown young carpenters, but of generally developing the faculties. It is useful for girls, giving a dexterity which needlework alone cannot give; it is the true remedy for brain-pressure; and a *slöjdger* of either sex will not be satisfied in after-life with becoming a mere machine. It might be taught in night-schools, which several of the writers would make compulsory (like the German "continuation schools") for two years after leaving week-day schools. There are several papers on girls' work, and seventy pages are taken up with the Royal Commissioners' Report on Technical Education. Mr. Bellows links technical education with emigration by proposing to grant, in lieu of prizes for good work, certificates "bearing a certain borrowing value."

The Rev. Donald Mackey's "Bishop Forbes" (Kegan Paul) is a thoroughly sympathetic memoir of a man who stamped his individuality on the Church of which he was a Bishop. Younger son of Lord Medwyn, Mr. Forbes went from Haileybury to Madras; but, his health breaking down, he had to put to his father the alternative: "Whether would you have me, a dead Indian judge or a living Scotch curate?" The answer to this was his being sent to Brasenose in 1840. There he soon came under the spell of Pusey, Newman, and the rest; and, as Vicar of St. Saviour's, Leeds, he gave a startling reply to Dr. Hook's challenge to the "Tractarians": "We've heard of your sayings, let us see something of your doings." That a good many of the St. Saviour's clergy went over to Rome was partly caused by their being so severely boycotted: "a *cordon sanitaire* was drawn round the place by the neighbouring parsons." It fared with them as it does with a poor girl whom slander drives to evil courses. That Mr. Forbes was made Bishop of Brechin was due to Mr. Gladstone's strong recommendation. It was justified by the result; Bishop Forbes moved the See to Dundee, and soon replaced the upper room in which the Episcopalians worshipped by several fine churches. On the other hand, he met with strong opposition. "High" as the Scotch Episcopal Church is, he was still "higher;" and his Primary Charge (about the Eucharist) was sat upon by Bishop Trower and two others, and himself presented to the Synod, which "admonished him to be more careful for the future." With Mr. Gladstone the Bishop's friendship was unbroken; and by strongly appealing in 1865 to him and to Lord Clarendon he was able to save from destruction the monastery of Monte Cassino, with its magnificent library. Mr. Mackey did well to add a Church map; few Southrons know that Scotland has actually thirteen Dioceses.

Why "William the Conqueror" (Macmillan) is entitled to the first place among "Twelve English Statesmen." Mr. Freeman explains in his introduction. "It is largely owing to him that the history of England for the last eight hundred years has been what it has been." Besides, much of our national work has been done by foreigners, who have, nevertheless, been true Englishmen, "thanks to the absorbing and assimilating power of the island world." Mr. Freeman is in a strait; William is his model statesman, but Harold is his hero. He settles the matter of the oath in Harold's favour; he proves that the English King could not, at Senlac, accept a challenge which was only sent to discredit him. He notes William's faults in his treatment of Lanfranc, and in regard to the New Forest: "Vulgar robbery done with no higher motive than to secure the further enjoyment of a brutal sport. To this level William had now sunk" (page 172). Every page of the little work is stamped with Mr. Freeman's peculiar historical insight. See, for instance, his remarks on how "the creation of Normandy, though it did much to weaken France as a Duchy, did not a little towards the making of France as a kingdom."

Mr. L. Lauriston's "At Evening Time" (London Literary Society) describes, often in very touching language, the gradual way in which a cultured Agnostic is brought to accept and confess Christ. Whoever this Mr. Fanshawe may have been, at whose funeral all the London shops and many in country towns were closed, the theatres shut their doors, and even the great world suspended its amusements, it is no wonder that, being such an important man, his mental struggles should have a whole book devoted to them.

Mr. W. Moffatt is quite right; free trade is a mistake, unless it becomes free exchange for the whole world. But since we can neither force other nations to follow our lead, nor yet go back to a Corn Law, what is to be done? Offer the Colonies even a small measure of "Inter-British Trade" and they will part with Protection. Since 1878, Canada has given our goods a preference to the tune of 10 per cent. Sir R. Stout is "ready to do the same in New Zealand." We can then be independent of the world till the world has come to acknowledge the truth. That is the moral of "Land and Work" (Sampson Low and Co.). Mr. Moffatt, following Mr. Bancroft, writes that long ago our mercantile system was imposed on the colonies because it was feared colonial industry would inevitably sink the value of land at home; "we ought, therefore, to have been forewarned as to what is now happening." He advocates peasant proprietorship, established without State intervention by a Land Guarantee Company. He would also save the sugar market from hopeless competition by laying a tax on protected sugars; better pay a farthing a pound more than ruin a very important trade. He would also let in, free of duty, tea and coffee grown in the Empire. True competition, he says, means excellence of production; but this can only be secured by Free Exchange; our one-sided Free Trade has flooded us with worthless shams.

Rev. W. Kibride's letter to the *Times* shows that the distress in "The South Isles of Aran" (Kegan Paul) is not a creature of Mr. Davitt's brain. Readers who are pondering how much they ought to feel for these islanders should read Mr. Oliver J. Burke's very

interesting account of the islands, their history, and the simple virtues of their inhabitants. There is no reason why, if another Father Davis could be found to interest in them another Baroness Burdett-Coutts, the Aran fisheries should not revive as those of Baltimore have done. Aran, too, was, despite the west winds, densely wooded in the old time; Mr. Burke thinks there is scope there for re-afforesting. "Forests in their earlier growth will supply many industries for which old timber is unsuitable," notably the material for wood-carving, such as Mr. Marcus J. Ward has started in Glen Columbkille. We heartily recommend Mr. Burke's little book.

SOME HISTORIC CHAIRS

THERE is no chair in the United Kingdom better known nor more frequently and reverently sat in than that old-fashioned oaken chair that stands in the low room of the old house at Stratford-on-Avon, and which claims to have been once the property of William Shakespeare. Whether its claims are just or not, who can decide? It is sufficient to know that they are generally admitted, and the chair is used so continuously and so devotedly, that long ago the custodian thereof informed Washington Irving that the oaken seat had to be renewed at least once in three years.

In the matter of faith it is, perhaps, well to follow the example of the American essayist. "I am always," he says, "of easy faith in such matters, and am ever willing to be deceived where the deceit is pleasant and costs nothing."

A genuine relic of the greatest of English actors, David Garrick, is in the possession of a Birmingham gentleman. It is a fine old chair of solid oak, curiously carved. On the back panel is inscribed the motto, "All the world's a stage," while on the border of the same is the legend, "David Garrick, 1774, Grub Street."

The gentleman who owns this chair is also the fortunate possessor of a larger chair, which in like manner has carved upon it the name and titles of Sir Godfrey Kneller, the famous painter.

Another very interesting and valuable chair, that of Alexander Pope, stands in the library of Lord Braybrooke, at Audley End. It is described as a "narrow-backed armchair of curious workmanship, containing a central medallion of Venus, armed with an arrow and a burning heart." On the back is a brass plate, bearing the following inscription, descriptive of the chair's history:—"This chair, once the property of Alexander Pope, was given as a keepsake to the nurse who attended him in his last illness. From her descendants it was obtained by the Rev. Thomas Ashley, when curate of the parish of Binfield, and kindly presented by him to Lord Braybrooke in 1844, nearly a century after the poet's decease." That narrow-backed chair, could it speak, would be able to make curious revelations of the strangely mean and tortuous literary trickery too often practised by its owner, the "little cripple of Twickenham."

Many years ago there used to be another chair bearing Pope's name, to be seen at the Rose Inn at Wokingham. This hostelry was kept, in the poet's time, by one John Mog, whose daughter was celebrated by John Gay in the song "Molly Mog." Until little more than thirty years ago there was a room in the inn which was always shown to visitors as "Pope's Room," and in it a chair known as "Pope's Chair." But the hand of the improver descended on the old place, the Rose Inn became a large draper's shop, and, in the transformation, the chair disappeared, and could not be traced. The author of "Molly Mog" used a curious easy-chair, which contained drawers ingeniously concealed. In these drawers were discovered, some years after Gay's death, a number of manuscript poems, which came into the possession of his nephew, the Rev. J. Balle, but were not published until the year 1820, when they at last saw the light, accompanied by a *facsimile* of the chair which had been their hiding-place so many years before.

In a large room called "The Sanctuary," behind the chancel of Kidderminster Parish Church, there is an old chair which, according to an inscription thereon, once belonged to Richard Baxter. The church also contains the pulpit from which Baxter preached, and other relics of the author of the "Saints' Rest."

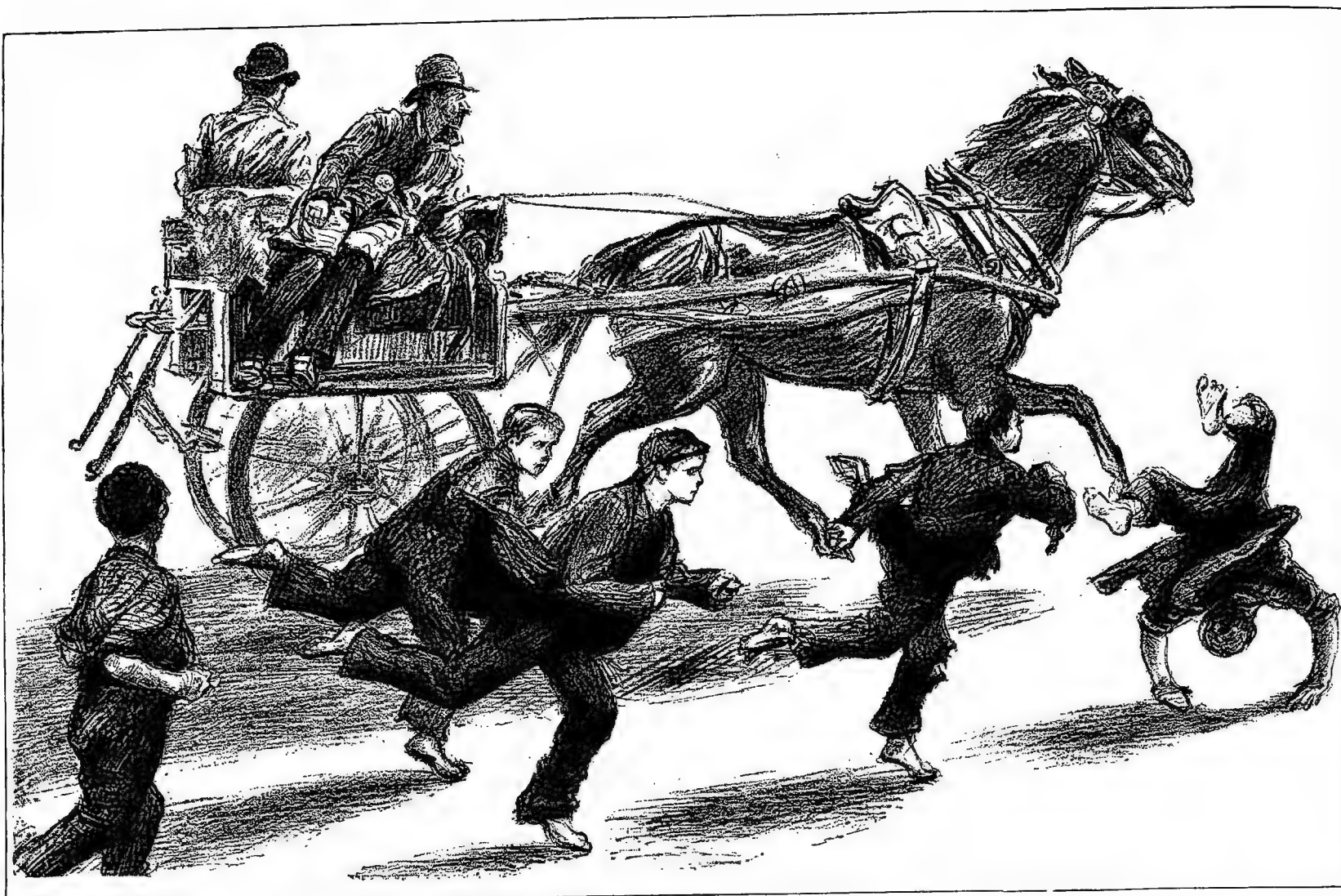
A very ancient chair, which is said to have been used by the Venerable Bede, is still shown in Jarrow Church, near Durham. According to tradition, it has remained at Jarrow ever since the dissolution of the Monastery. Brand, writing in 1789, thus describes it:—"It is of oak, and appears to have been hewn out with an axe, except that at the top of the back the cross-piece is mortised to the standards, or upright parts, which serve both for legs and its support; these, with the seat and sides, are very ancient, but the back, according to the person who shows it, has since been added."

In 1859, a correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, writing from the Temple, mentioned that he had in his rooms at No. 2, Churchyard Court, the favourite easy chair of Dr. Johnson—a large, old-fashioned, horsehair chair, brass-bound, and somewhat the worse for wear. It had been removed after the Doctor's death from his chambers in the Inner Temple Lane to No. 2, Churchyard Court, and had remained there, attached as it were to the rooms and owned by the various tenants in succession. The publication of the chair's whereabouts resulted in its purchase by a kinsman of Dr. Johnson, then residing at Carshalton, in Surrey. Johnson and Boswell, on one occasion, stopped at the Three Crowns at Lichfield. This old inn remained practically unchanged until quite lately, and visitors were shown a genuine piece of eighteenth-century furniture, which was called "Dr. Johnson's Chair." Another armchair still claims this title in the coffee room of the Jerusalem Tavern, Clerkenwell. With the chair from Churchyard Court was a crimson velvet cushion, which was said to be the identical cushion upon which Mary, Queen of Scots, knelt at her execution, and on it could still be seen the marks of three drops of blood, undoubtedly human. In connection with the unfortunate Queen, whose claims to canonisation were recently pressed upon the Pope, it may be noted that several chairs once used by her in Fotheringhay Castle are now in the village church of Tansor, which stands about a mile south of the site of the Castle. They are large heavy chairs, with moveable seats, so that they can be used either for sitting or for kneeling in prayer.

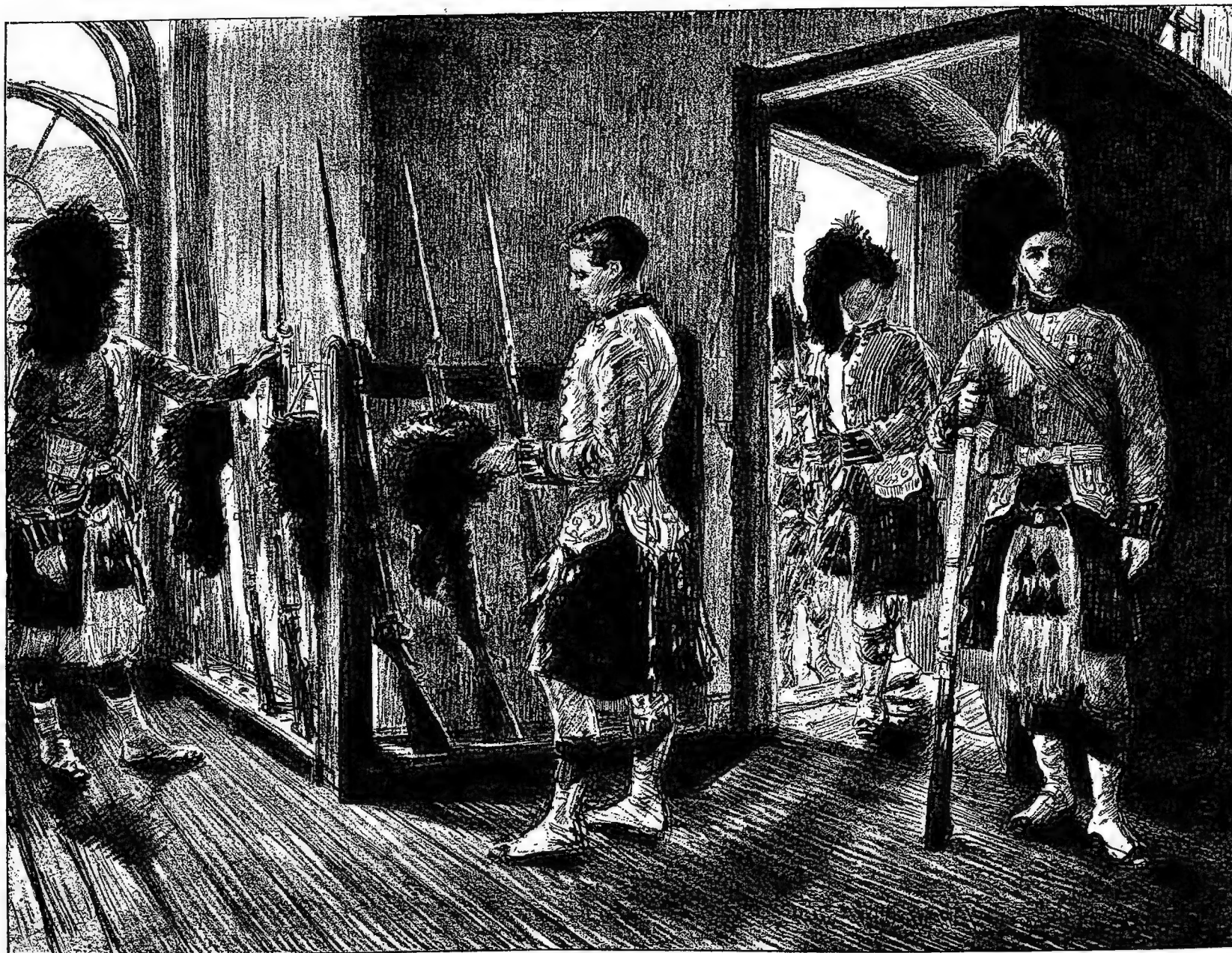
Goldsmith's chair was one among the many literary relics and treasures bequeathed by John Forster to the South Kensington Museum. The name of Forster naturally suggests that of Dickens. Dickens's chair has gone far a-field—into Wales, where it is now in the possession of Mr. J. Rogers Rees, as we learn from that writer's pleasant "Divisions of a Bookworm." The chair of Robert Burns, with his scrap-books and many other interesting and valuable relics, has found a safe resting place in the Burns Museum at Kilmarnock.

An interesting chair, especially at the present time, is that wherein in days gone by the Speaker of the old Irish Parliament was wont to sit. At the last sitting of the Irish House of Commons, the Speaker, the Right Honourable John Forster, took the chair away with him, and said that he would keep it until there should be again a Parliament in Dublin, and the chair should be wanted by his successor. He died without seeing his hope realised, and his son, having married the Viscountess Massereene, removed the chair to Antrim Castle, where it still remains. The Right Honourable John Forster's successor has not yet been elected.

Few chairs have so interesting a history as attaches to that lately presented by Mrs. Frank Buckland to the Royal College of Surgeons. This chair was made out of the bedstead on which for



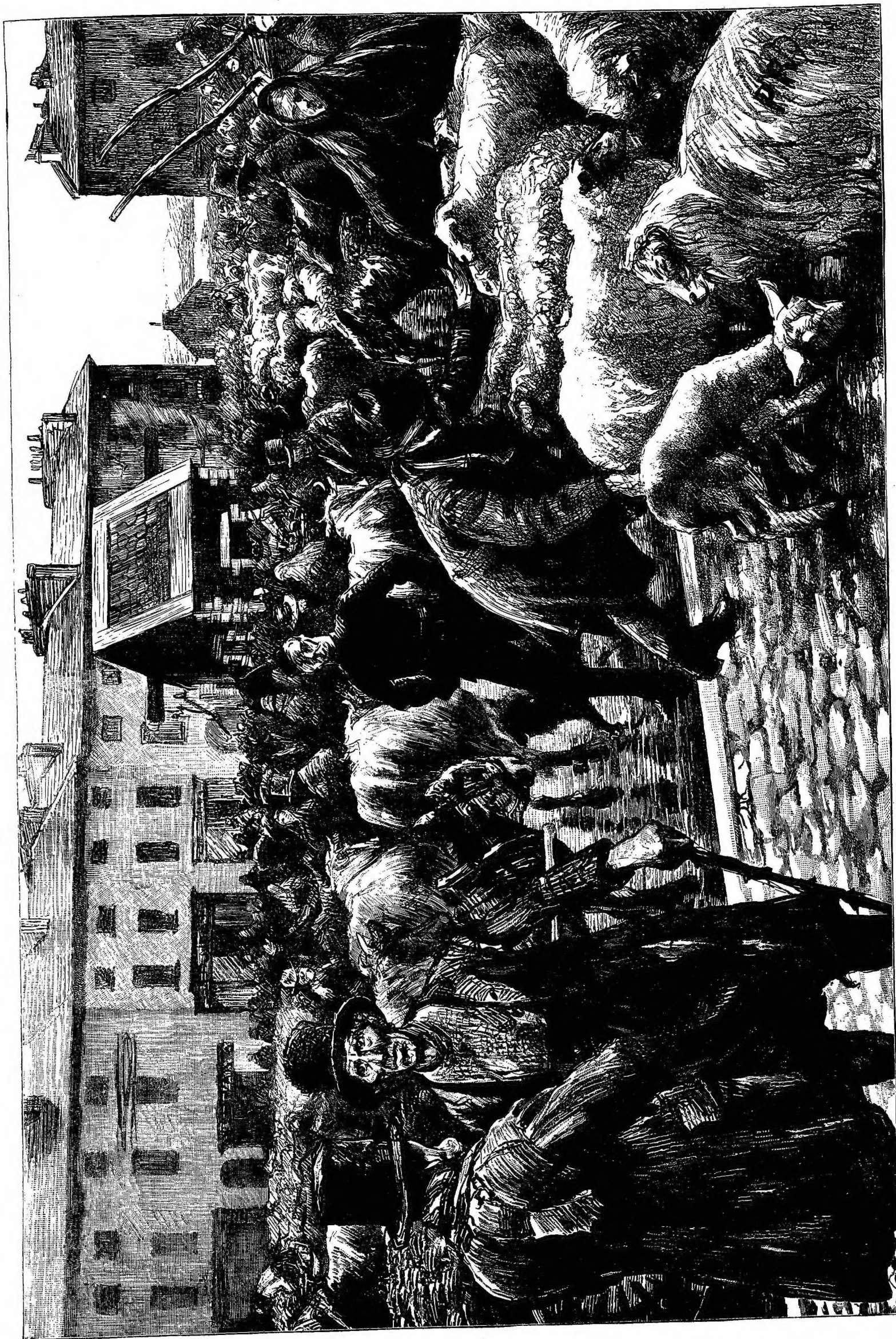
AN OUTSIDE CAR



MEN OF THE BLACK WATCH IN THE GUARD-ROOM, DUBLIN CASTLE

STUDIES FROM LIFE IN IRELAND—IX.

BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST



A CATTLE FAIR, COUNTY GALWAY

STUDIES FROM LIFE IN IRELAND—IX.
BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST

many years slept the famous surgeon John Hunter. The bedstead was presented by Professor Owen to Mr. Frank Buckland, who had a very great reverence for the eminent doctor. After it had been in his possession for some time he resolved to preserve the material in a less cumbersome form by having the heavy bedstead converted into a chair. The idea was carried out, and the chair remained one of Mr. Buckland's most cherished possessions until his death, when it was presented, as has been stated, by Mrs. Buckland to the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons.

Our last chair is one of world-wide interest. Every one knows Longfellow's famous lyric, "The Village Blacksmith," but the later association of the poet with the "spreading chestnut" may not be so well known. From the wood of this tree was made a carved chair, or, as the poet called it, a throne, which was given by the children of Cambridge to the venerable singer on his seventy-second birthday. He sat thereon to receive the children, and to each of those who came to see him he gave a copy of his poem:—

Only your love and your remembrance could
Give life to this dead wood,

G. L. A.

INDIAN GHOST CHARMS

BY A HINDOO

THE dread of ghosts is common to all the aboriginal races of India, from whom it has been very generally adopted by their Aryan conquerors, and even by the lower classes of Mahomedans. All ghosts are believed to be mischievous, and some of them bitterly malicious, and the only means employed to oppose their rancour is to build shrines for them, and to make them offerings of a fowl, a pig, or, on grand occasions, of a buffalo. Any severe illness, and more especially any epidemic disease, such as small-pox or cholera, is attributed to the malignancy of certain of these spirits, who must be propitiated accordingly. The man-tiger is, perhaps, the most dreaded of all these demon ghosts; for when a tiger has killed a man, the tiger is considered safe from harm, as the spirit of the man rides upon his head, and guides him clear of danger. Accordingly, it is believed that "the only sure mode of destroying a tiger who has killed many people is to begin by making offerings to the spirits of his victims, thereby depriving him of their valuable services."

The ghosts most propitiated are of those who have met a violent or untimely death, whether by design or by accident, including poison and disease. Even women who die in the child-bed pang, or wretches who are hanged for their crimes, are believed to have the same powers of causing evil to the living as those who have been killed by tigers, or by lightning, or by any other violent cause. All these deified spirits are often distinguished by some term denoting the manner of their death: thus, the "Toddy-Ghost," the ghost of a man who was killed by falling from a toddy (palm) tree; the "Tiger-Ghost," the ghost of a man who was killed by a tiger; the "Lightning-Ghost," the ghost of a man who was killed by lightning; the "Snake-Ghost," and so on. The ghosts of women who die during pregnancy or in child-birth are supposed to be specially powerful and vindictive. Most of the deceased persons whose spirits are now worshipped were the ancestors of some of the aborigines; and as General Cunningham, the head of the Archaeological Survey of India, says, their worship is generally local, and confined to the limits occupied by the respective tribes to which they belonged.

The ceremonies observed in propitiating the ghosts consist mainly of the offerings of goats, fowls, or pigs, as well as flowers and fruits, of the recitation of prayers, and of the singing of certain *mantras*, or charms; the last being the most important of all. These charms, which are always sung by men at the different shrines, are of two different kinds: the "Sabara charms" (Sabara being the name of one of the aboriginal tribes) and the "mystical incantations." The former are addressed to the deified ghosts of the dead, the performances being generally carried out in the country, or the place where the corpse was burned; and the latter are used for the purpose of compelling spirits to appear and receive the orders of the performer. The following are the translations of a few of the Indian ghost charms of either kind:—

Hail! Glory to the demon Agiya Bhr!
Down in the seventh hell,
Mid flames of fire,
Sitting on Brahma's head!
With fish, and dung of kites we come,
With yellow arsenic, and gum,
All these we bring—if ye come not,
May mother Kālī curse you!

"Agiya Bhr" is the Demon of Fire; Brahma is the Supreme Divinity, Kālī, one of the bloodthirsty Hindoo goddesses; the gum mentioned is the bdellium, a fragrant gum, which is much used in carrying out any of these charms. The offerings do not seem very inviting, but they are quite as presentable as the "eye of newt and toe of frog" of the witches of *Macbeth*.

Hail to Hanumán!
An urchin twelve years old,
With sweetmeats in his hand,
And in his mouth a Pán.
Hooting come,
Bárá Hanumán!

"Bárá Hanumán" is Baby "Hanumán," the name of a dead child; "Pán," betel, chewed by the natives of India and adjacent countries. This charm must be begun on the first Tuesday of a month, fasting and wearing red clothes. Red lead, mixed with oil, should be rubbed over the image of Hanumán, and a lamp should be placed in front, with some lighted fragrant gum, or incense. A large wheaten cake, covered with clarified butter and coarse sugar, should be offered to the image, and the charm recited *eleven hundred times* daily, counting the beads of a coral necklace. On the fortieth day the Ghost Hanumán will appear before the charmer, and take his orders.

Here is a direction for raising a spirit or fairy. When a new moon falls on a Thursday, prepare some rice and milk to eat, and select a solitary clean house for the performance. Bring some sweet-smelling flowers, some sweetmeats, some incense-yielding gum, and the scented root *agar*. Draw a circle with a piece of red lead, and put in eight cloves, eight betelnuts, and a new lamp lighted with clarified butter. Next, put all the sweetmeats and flowers inside the circle, and then, first pronouncing the Prayer for Safety (a prayer generally repeated by Brahmans the first thing every morning), begin reciting the charm:—

Háráát Jinnon aur Pariyon Ki.
Tárá-tíri-swáhá.

This is to be repeated *five thousand times* a day, for several successive days. The performer must change the flowers and sweetmeats daily, but not the lamp; and he must wear coloured clothes, and keep himself pure and clean. The spirit, or fairy, will then appear to receive the charmer's orders.

Bismillah, ar-rahmán, ar-rahím!
With chains of bells upon his feet,
Dances Muhammadá Bhr.
After a hearty breakfast,
With a ninety-pounder bow, and a ninety-pounder arrow,
Sports Muhammadá Bhr.
Shouting beat!—beat! he comes!
Bind she-demon, bind she-devil!
Bind the witch, the ghost, the spirit!
Bind the nine man-lions,
Bind the two-and-fifty Bherons,

Bind the nine different kinds of ghosts!
Bind weak and strong and quarrelsome,
Bind the Red and bind the Yellow,
Bind the Blue and bind the Green.
Bind the White, and bind the Black, bind, bind, bind!
Close their wells and springs of water,
Stop their sleeping, stop their sitting,
Stop their drinking, stop their eating, stop, stop!
Stop their sleeping, stop their cooking, stop, stop.
Quickly stop.
From the thigh of Imán Husen draw near!
From lady Fatímá's foot appear.
Stay them not—
May the milk of mother's breast be forbidden!
I appeal to the throne of Sulímán!

This tremendous incantation must be begun on an evening when the new moon falls on a Thursday. Place a ghee (clarified butter) lamp in front, and burn some incense, and repeat the charm one hundred and eight times, at the same time making an offering of sweets. The charm must be repeated for thirty-one successive Thursdays, which will compel the ghost to appear and obey the orders of the charmer.

I shall conclude with the following song, sung by men to conciliate the Yakshas, a particular kind of demons, for the safety of their children:—

As we call, one and all,
Brother Jakhs, attend our call.
1.—Flowers, sweetmeats, cocoanuts we bring,
With flags and pigs as our offering.
As we call, &c.
2.—See goats and fowls and black cotton seed,
With cowries six before you spread—
As we call, &c.
3.—Money and wine, with our bare feet,
And everything for worship meet;
As we call, &c.
4.—Preserve our children safe and sound,
Our prayer is as we circle round—
As we call, one and all,
Brother Jakhs, attend our call.

D. N. D.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

THE AUTHOR's name would alone be sufficient to assure one of a prospective treat on taking up "Heartsease and Rue," by James Russell Lowell (Macmillan), and expectation will be amply satisfied. To our thinking, the best poem in the book is "FitzAdam's Story," an idyll of Western life, which, by its mixture of humour and pathos, forcibly reminds us of Crabbe; next to this should undoubtedly stand "At the Burns Centennial"—it is a perfect gem, and makes one in love with the sweet soul that prompted such tender, loving words—note especially stanzas 14 to 23. The monody on the death of Agassiz is fine; the grandest passage in it runs thus:—

I cannot think he wished so soon to die
With all his senses full of eager heat,
And rosy years that stood expectant by
To buckle the winged sandals on their feet,
He that was friends with earth, and all her sweets
Took with both hands unsparingly:
Truly this life is precious to the root,
And good the feel of grass beneath the foot;
To lie in buttercups and clover-bloom,
Tenants in common with the bees,
And watch the white clouds drift through gulfs of trees,
Is better than long waiting in the tomb.

Noble, too, are such pregnant lines as "taking life as simply as a tree," or "We count our rosary by the beads we miss," "To Holmes on his Seventy-Fifth Birthday" and "Planting a Tree" are gracious and witty, but obviously one loses much by not knowing the identity of most of the people to whom reference is made. In a lighter vein, but equally good, are the "Origin of Didactic Poetry," "The Pregnant Comment," and those quaint lines, "On Burning Some Old Letters," which have an irresistible old-world flavour about them; "Tempora Mutantur" is bitter in its satire, but nobody can say that it is unjustly so. In short, this is a volume to own and treasure. There is a very good portrait of Mr. Lowell as a frontispiece.

There are some signs of poetic feeling, and even of ability, in "Rayworth's Gladys, and Other Poems," by James Saunders (Thomas Laurie), but the author will do well to study good models before attempting to write more. The less ambitious pieces are the more successful, as well as the more original. Some of the quasi-ballads are really good, especially those embodying the element of ghastliness, which seems to have a singular fascination for Mr. Saunders, possibly on account of his habitual daily surroundings; amongst these may be particularly noted for praise "The Haunted Pit-shaft," "Poor Dick," and "Gaunt's Doom;" "Guignon the Miller" and "Tom Carrall, of the 'Hirondelle'"; are also good of their kind. The piece which names the volume is a rather tedious attempt at a story in the Poet Laureate's idyllic manner; the chief impression left by it on the mind is that the lovers treated Gertrude shamefully, and that the author supposes "Shechinah," and "Clematis" to be accented on the penultimate. He would do well to write no more verses in Early English until he knows something of its proper spelling and accentuation, and must be admonished that a slang word like "boycott" is quite out of place in a serious piece.



MESSRS. BOOSEY AND CO.—A pretty little love ditty is "There Are None Like to Thee," written and composed by G. Clifton Bingham and Hope Temple, published in three keys.—A pleasing song with a catching waltz refrain is "My Southern Home," words by F. E. Weatherly, music by J. L. Molloy.—A nervous song, which will stir the heart of every sailor who sings or listens to it, is "The Goodwin Sands," the words by F. E. Weatherly, music by Stephen Adams; this fine song will, or at all events should be, one of the leading favourites this season in concert and drawing-rooms.—"Remember" is one of Jacques Blumenthal's sweet ballads for a tenor; the words are by Cecil Lorraine.—A love song, pleasing, but of a conventional type, is "Oft I Wonder," written and composed by Edward Oxenford and Lovett King.—"Flying Moments" is the appropriate title of a capital polka by Ernest Bucalossi.

MESSRS. SPOTTISWOODE AND CO.—Two very bright and taking specimens of dance music, by Charles Godfrey, are "The Silver Wedding Valse" and "Vingt-et-Un Polka."—Equally to be commended is "Arcadia Valse," by Charles Godfrey Jun.

MESSRS. J. CURWEN AND SONS.—A merry and tuneful cantata, or operetta, with excellent moral, is *Donald's Hamper*, adapted by A. J. Foxwell from a story bearing that name. It may well be got

up by schoolboys for the holidays, as there is no special scenery required; it may be acted in a large school-room or drawing-room; the music is easy, and the dialogue is brisk.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Lord Lytton's pathetic poem, "The Angel and the Child," has been set to a pleasing melody by Sydney Shaw; it will surely be popular in the home circle (Charles Woolhouse).—Three *piquante* little songs, music by John Lacy, are "Love's Messenger," for which the composer has supplied the words; "There is a Garden in Her Face," the quaint poetry by Richard Alison (1606); and "The Swirl of the Stream," by E. A. Campbell (Messrs. Novello, Ewer and Co.).—"There Was a Jolly Miller," a blithe-some old English poem, has been well set to music, by Frank Moir, as a part song for S.A.T.B. (Messrs. Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co.).—"The Lullaby" is a pretty little song, written and composed by E. M. Spon (Joseph Williams).—A cheerful sea song of a well-known but popular type is "Plymouth Bay," music by R. A. Boisser, Mus. Bac., Oxon (Messrs. Charles Franklyn and Co.).—"The Broken Link," a song from *The Fusilier*, a drama in five acts, by Colonel Colomb, is a fair specimen of amateur composition (Messrs. Chappell and Co.).—"Primrose Day," written and composed by Beatrice Whittington and Alfred W. Dolby, is a well-meaning but feeble production (Archibald Ramsden).—Two ariettas, the charming poetry by Heine, music by S. Bath, are "The Years Come and Go" and "The Sea Hath its Pearls," both are refined and pleasing (Messrs. Goddard and Co.).—A convivial ditty for the mess room is "Here's to His Health in a Song," written and composed by R. R. Bealey and J. Randle Fletcher (Messrs. Duff and Stewart).—"Love in the Waltz" is the meaningless title of a "new and original song," words and music by Robert Justyn Lamb (Clare Lovell); the composer's suggestion that the refrain should be taken up by any number of persons who waltz as they sing is certainly "original," but not easy to carry out (Messrs. Harberd Brothers).



It is always rash to speak of any given novel by Mrs. Oliphant as her newest; one follows another so rapidly—with occasional intervals for history, biography, and miscellaneous literature—that it is not easy for readers or reviewers to keep pace with her. So far as we are at present aware, however, her latest work of fiction is "The Second Son" (3 vols.: Macmillan and Co.), a not very satisfactory sample of the work turned out by her literary mill. "Scamped" is perhaps too hard a word to use of it, but it is certainly turned out in an altogether too crude and unfinished condition, displaying all the seams and rough ends. It reads as if Mrs. Oliphant had prepared elaborate machinery, with a view to its suggesting some sort of a plot as she went on, and as if, after all, she had been required to take a plot in which the machinery was not required, but too late to be able to change her preparations. For example, the pious fraud by which Elizabeth Travers makes her aunt believe that she is that aunt's dependent, instead of its being the other way, was surely never intended to lead to nothing. Then a father and son are elaborately introduced and described at the outset of the story, with the evident intention of giving them important parts, and are thenceforth ignored. More important still, Lily Ford, the rustic coquette, completely changes her entire character at a critical point of the story, and Mrs. Oliphant's efforts to make the requisite transformation seem natural are melancholy to see. But none of her characters are easy to realise. It was, of course, not to be expected that she would succeed in making anything but a burlesque caricature of such a reprobate as she meant to portray in the person of Captain Mitford; indeed, we congratulate her on her failure, so far as he is concerned. But, unfortunately, the persons more properly within her experience, even the women (with the solitary exception of muddle-headed Mr. Travers) are even more shadowy. The merit of the story consists of its pictures of domestic detail, and these are not seldom admirable.

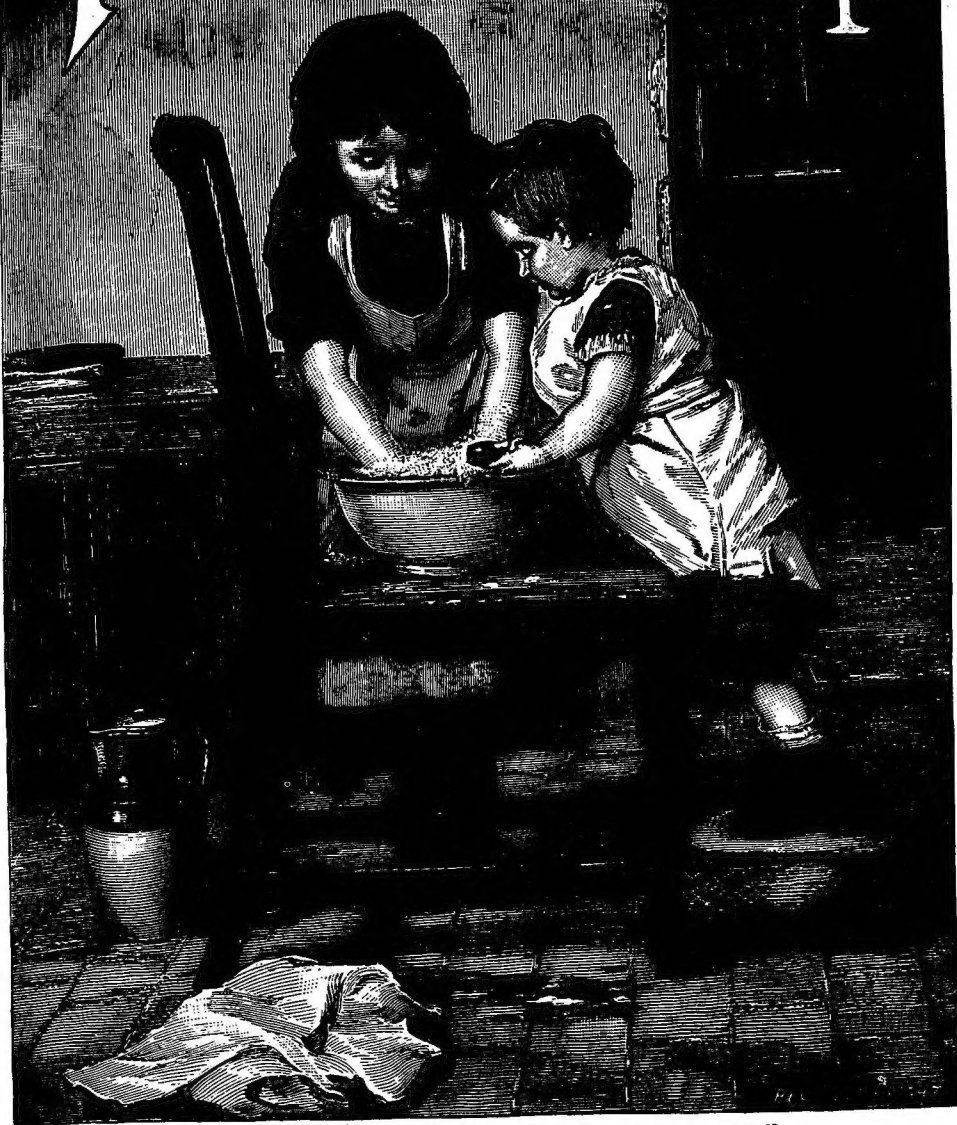
It is something of an achievement in these days to invent a new ghost story, and to tell it with something of the creepy charm which used to belong to the old ones, before they became psychologised—to coin a word which is certainly wanted. In her "Four Ghost Stories," however (1 vol.: Macmillan and Co.), Mrs. Molesworth has performed the achievement with remarkable success. Her ghosts are real ghosts (barring one, which is a wraith suggestive of unconscious telepathy, and by far the worst of them); and they have the merit of being evolved from a plausible if not very scientific theory. The ghost, we gather, is nothing but a sort of fading echo upon earth of a departed spirit, naturally the most perceptible in the place likely to be associated with the living and dying thoughts, but aimless and meaningless—in short, of no account whatever except to supply material for twilight stories. All the four of Mrs. Molesworth are charmingly told, and her ghosts, while unusually impressive, are pathetic by reason of their very helplessness. Mrs. Molesworth has gone far to create a sympathy with ghosts; though whether her many child-friends will be any readier to go upstairs in the dark we are by no means sure.

"They Twain," by Mary H. Pickersgill-Cunliffe (1 vol.: London Literary Society), would be a very good book for young wives, if they could fairly be expected to read anything so tame. The exceeding tameness is the more remarkable, inasmuch as one of the principal characters is a very ill-behaved young woman, indeed, a married flirt, and something more, whom justice overtakes in the form of small-pox. There is, however, a more generally profitable warning in the person of another young wife, who risks her wedded happiness by disobedience and deception, but afterwards sees the error of her ways; and, as a set-off to her, in a subordinate way, is yet another young wife's husband who is converted from selfishness by her gentleness and patience. Altogether the lessons and examples are sufficient to constitute a complete matrimonial philosophy, which deserved delivering in a more interesting way.

An expert taste for Glaswegian Scotch is required for a full appreciation of "In Love and Honour; a Story of Scotch Country Life," by I. K. Ritchie (1 vol.: Elliot Stock). To some, of course, this will be a merit, to others a demerit; and, whichever it be held, it must be made the most of, for the story has no other worth mentioning. It differs in no noticeable respect from some thousand other fairly well-written and mildly well-meant tales.

"Whose Wife Shall She Be? The Story of a Painter's Life," by James Stanley Little (1 vol.: Spencer Blackett), merits more copious extract than we are able to find room for. We will cull a few gems at random:—"A piquant little blonde, with a face like a water-lily, sprinkled with the petals of the blush rose." "Ralph had sipped the narcotic"—that is to say, a woman had kissed him—"and now that his heart was hanging, scratchy and patchy, it was balm to him." "There was a deep melancholy about the music which accorded with its eerie libretto. It swelled in its final chords into a diatonic phrase, and terminated in high tenor notes, discordant and chromatic—a veritable threnody—a wail of despair." It is of course possible that these and such-like passages have a meaning of some sort, even the last. But, pending our discovery of it, criticism is necessarily premature. Perhaps some painter will try his hand at the face, and some composer at the music. The results would at any rate be interesting; which is more than can be said for the novel.

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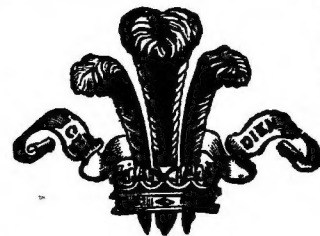
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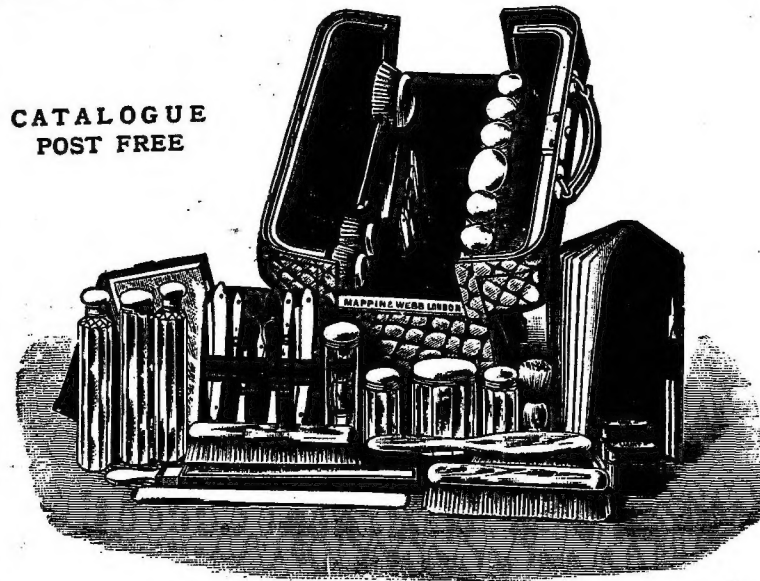
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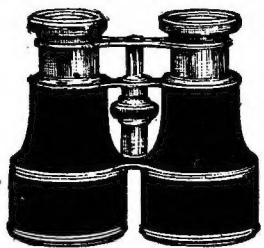
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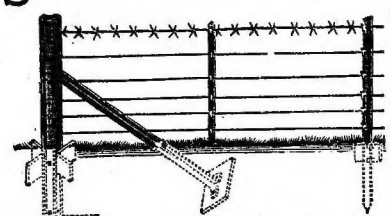
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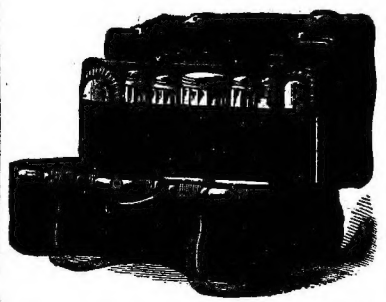
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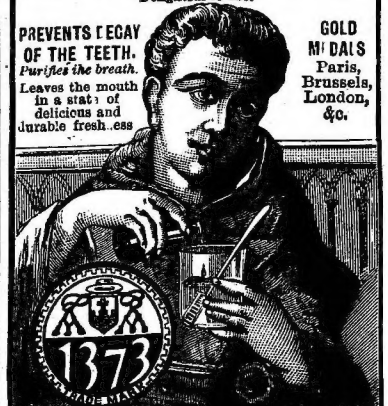
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EDWARD JOSEPH MANSFIELD, and published by
him at 100, Strand, in the parish of St. Clement
Danes, Middlesex.—APRIL 28, 1888.